

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.]

MARCH, 1837.

[VOL. 1.—No. 1.]

CARLYLE'S SARTOR RESARTUS.

SARTOR RESARTUS; IN THREE BOOKS.

"Mein Vermächtniss, wie herrlich weit und breit!

Die Zeit ist mein Vermächtniss, mein Acker ist die Zeit."

BOSTON: JAMES MUNROE & COMPANY, 1836.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in speaking of the titles he selected for his novels, represents himself as having chosen such as would excite the curiosity of the reader, without informing him of the subject of the book. Mr. Carlyle has acted on the same principle. The work before us first appeared in a succession of articles in *Fraser's Magazine*. Its title may be rendered in English, the Tailor re-sewed; its author, according to common report, is Thomas Carlyle; its subject is the age, its spirit and its institutions. The book professes to be a review of a work by Professor Teufelsdröckh, of Weissnichtwo, on the Philosophy of Clothes, accompanied with notices of the Professor's life. The name of this supposed author however,—his location in the Wahngasse (Imagination-street) of the City of Weissnichtwo,—a place which stands nearly in the latitude of Scott's Abbey of Kenaquhair,—and the singular branch of which the Herr Teufelsdröckh is professor, namely Allerley-Wissenschaft, or Things in general, lead us to regard the English author as alone accountable for all the words and deeds of his German Clothes-Philosopher. In this work with a singular name, and based on such a singular fiction, there is, nevertheless, much deep thought, much eloquence of expression, much high feeling, much even of exalted religious conception. Many a reader will be at first displeased at the extremely odd tissue of fiction, with which the author has seen fit to interweave his jewels of thought; but that same tissue of fiction, strange as it is, is beautiful. It was rendered, if not necessary, at least excusable, by the popular form in which the work first appeared, in the pages of a Magazine. It is happily conceived too, for the author's purpose. He fancies a German youth, brought up under circumstances peculiarly suited to turn his thoughts inward, for he is left in infancy to the care of a poor and honest couple, beyond whom he knows not any who feel in him the interest of relatives. He passes through school and university, experiences the feeling of friendship, and has a trial of the disappointments which wait on modest, unfriended worth in its struggle with the world. As he has seen useful poverty,

he now sees something of useless splendour; he loves and is beloved in turn, but meets with a reverse as deep as his hope had been elevated. He sinks to despondency, rises again to a dead, unfeeling calmness, thence bursts forth to a better and holier day than had ever beamed on him before. He travels much, observes much without and much within him. By all he has seen, by all he has suffered, he learns how to distinguish the essential from the unessential, man in himself from the customs of society which envelope him; and that greatest of created things, a human spirit, from the adventitious circumstances which surround it. These adventitious circumstances are, in his language, Clothes. His philosophy of Clothes then extends,—

"From those outmost, vulgar, palpable woollen hulls of man, through his wondrous flesh-garment, and his wondrous social garnitures, inwards to the garments of his very soul's soul, to time and space themselves!"—page 268.

We pass over, though not without regret, the account of Teufelsdröckh's foster parents, the good Andreas and Gretchen Futteral, and of his earlier childhood. From the village school, he is sent to the higher seminary, known in Germany by the name of *Gymnasium*.

"With my first view of the *Hinterschlag Gymnasium*," writes he, "my evil days began." "Alas, the kind beech-rows of *Eutepfuhl* were hidden in the distance. I was among strangers, harshly, at best indifferently, disposed towards me; the young heart felt for the first time, quite orphaned and alone." "My teachers were hide-bound pedants, without knowledge of man's nature or of boy's; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account books. Innumerable dead vocables (no dead language, for they themselves knew no language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate, mechanical *gerund-grinder*, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured at *Nürnberg* out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of mind, which grows, not like a vegetable, (by having its roots littered with etymological compost) but like a spirit, by mysterious contact with spirit; thought kindling itself at the fire of living thought? How shall *he* give kindling, in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? The *Hinterschlag* professors knew syntax enough; and of the human scul thus much: that it had a faculty called memory, and could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch rods.

"Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be; till the hodman is discharged, or reduced to hodbearing, and an architect is hired, and on all hands fitly encouraged, till communities and individuals discover, not without surprise, that fashioning the souls of a generation by knowledge can rank on a level with blowing their bodies to pieces by gunpowder, that with generals and field-marshal for killing, there should be world-honored dignitaries, and were it possible, true God-ordained priests, for teaching. But as yet, though the soldier wears openly, and even parades, his butchering-tool, nowhere, far as I have travelled, did the schoolmaster make show of his instructing-tool; nay, were he to walk abroad with birch girt on thigh, as if he therefrom expected honour, would not, among the idler class, a certain levity be excited?"—pages 103, 106.

What conclusion shall we form from this? That the "instructing-tool" is the wrong one; and that before the profession of the teacher can attain its proper rank, the system of fear must give place to one of love.

From the *Gymnasium* the pupil escapes at length to a University which he forbears to name. His description of it is worth our meditation.

"It is my painful duty to say, that out of England and Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered Universities. This is indeed a time when right education is, as nearly as may be, impossible; however, in degrees of wrongness there is no limit; nay, I can conceive a worse system than that of the Nameless itself; as poisoned victual may be worse than absolute hunger.

"It is written, when the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch; wherefore in such circumstances, may it not sometimes be safer, if both leader and led simply—sit still? Had you any where in Crim Tartary walled in a square enclosure; furnished it with a small, ill-chosen library, and then turned loose into it eleven hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as they listed, from three to seven years; certain persons, under the title of Professors, being stationed at the gates, to declare aloud that it was a University, and exact considerable admission fees,—you had, not indeed in mechanical structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect resemblance of our high seminary. I say imperfect; for if our mechanical structure was quite other, so neither was our result altogether the same. Unhappily, we were not in Crim Tartary, but in a corrupt European city, full of smoke and sin; moreover in the middle of a public, which, without far costlier apparatus than that of the square enclosure, and declaration aloud, you could not be sure of gulling."—page 110.

"These Professors in the Nameless lived with ease, with safety, by a mere reputation, constructed in past times, and then too with no great effort, by quite another class of persons; which reputation, like a strong, brisk-going, undershot wheel, sunk into the general current, bade fair, with only a little annual repainting on their part, to hold long together, and of its own accord assiduously grind for them. Happy that it was so for the millers!"—page 113.

We can hardly believe that this severe description is applicable in full force to many of the German Universities. It is sufficiently so, however, to show us that our own system of college education possesses some advantages over that of the Old World. Young men, with us, are at least not sent into the inclosure of the college precincts, to pick up an education unassisted,—professors and tutors observe and aid their progress, comparatively humble as that progress may be. We trust too, that with regard to moral restraint, our system possesses an advantage over that of Germany. Yet something we might learn from the latter; the student in our Universities is too much confined within the magical limit of the four college years. If he desired indeed to pursue professional studies, the means are before him, in the schools instituted for those branches; but there are no corresponding facilities for the *general* student. In our best institutions, what is a "Resident Graduate?" An anomaly, a being who remains on classic ground, perhaps to pursue his studies unassisted, perhaps because he has no better home, to hear again lectures which he had heard before, and wait for a vacant tutorship. Is it supposed then that all ancient and modern learning which is worth the attainment of a man of letters, can be acquired, and is acquired in the space of four years, at whatever point those four years begin? Mystic period! The qualifications which entitle a youth to enter Senior at one institution, will hardly secure his admission as Sophomore at another; but it matters not; everywhere the limit of time is the same; and if any one questions whether the raw youth who has passed it is educated, there is his diploma in proof, and one piece of parchment written in Latin is as good as another!

Or is it supposed that when a young man has attained that magical parchment, he needs no further guidance, but can pursue his studies

unaided? This idea, though not true, is founded on truth. The student, if properly instructed before, no longer needs a master, to observe his progress at every step, and inflict on him the penalty of his censure; but he needs a guide to open the way before him, and he needs the excitement of some definite object in view, to be attained by study. This aid would be afforded by lectures and examinations. He needs lectures. If the classics are to be studied, let their beauties be developed, not by a word-monger, but by a professor of extensive learning and correct taste. Let the treasures of modern literature be unlocked in a similar manner, and those authors and passages pointed out, which shall engage most advantageously the private reading of the student. Let a course of history be pursued, not in a duodecimo compend, but in the standard authors of each respective age; and let some one occupy the professor's chair, capable of exposing the insidious scepticism of Gibbon, and the Jacobitism of Hume. Let the principles of taste in the fine-arts be expanded and illustrated, and the deepest recesses of natural science, and the still deeper secrets of metaphysical speculation, be laid open by competent individuals. Let there be examinations too, at least a strict examination of every one who aspires to the degree of Master of Arts. That degree will thus become of value; at present, it possesses none.

But all this, it will be said, is impossible. Whence are your students to come? How are your numerous professors to be supported? The difficulties these questions present can be removed in only one way,—by engaging the first talent in the country,—then that talent will secure its own compensation. We would, in the present state of things, recommend to the governments of our leading Universities, the example of that of Weissnichtwo, in the matter of the appointment of Herr Teufelsdröckh to his singular and original Professorship.

"To all appearance," says his commentator, "the enlightened government of Weissnichtwo, in founding their new University, imagined they had done enough, if, 'in times like ours,' as the half-official program expressed it, 'when all things are, rapidly or slowly, resolving themselves into chaos, a professorship of this kind had been established; whereby, as occasion called, the task of bodying somewhat forth again from such chaos, might be, even slightly, facilitated. That actual lectures should be held, and public classes for the 'science of things in general,' they doubtless considered premature, on which ground too they had only established the professorship, nowise endowed it; so that Teufelsdröckh, 'recommended by the highest names,' had been promoted thereby to a name merely."—page 16.

Why, we may ask, passing from gay to grave, should not the same be done with regard to many branches, in our American Weissnichtwos? In every place, suited to be the seat of a University, distinguished men are to be found, who, amid the cares of professional or public life, can find time to prepare courses of lectures, each on some favorite branch. Let such be selected, and from among the first. None need decline, as beneath him, the office of educating a class who would be the very élite of the country. Let some distinguished painter, who is a gentleman and a scholar not less than an artist, be appointed to the chair of that department. Let men of the most finished taste, in classical and modern literature, be selected for those branches in which they respec-

tively excel. Is it supposed that such men would not find hearers? A Schiller, for example, in the department of history, a Milman in the chair of poetry? Of course such men could not be expected to engage in the hearing of recitations. Let this be left, as at present, to the regular officers of the college, whose emulation would be excited by the example of the distinguished men with whom they shared the task of instruction.

To a University established on the principle above stated, no splendid endowment would be necessary. Its endowment would be the concentration of the first intellect of the country in its aid. No vast investment of property in buildings would be required. Let such be erected as would be necessary for lecture and recitation rooms, and the accommodation of the library; and if such a University were established in a wilderness, the demand for accommodation in its vicinity would soon create its own supply. Nor need the morals of students be exposed to risk, because they are not cloistered within college walls. It would of course be within the sphere of the University officers to see that their pupils were accommodated at suitable houses; and at such houses, they might be under a supervision more thorough and at the same time less offensive in its form, than any to which they could be subjected by an army of tutors and proctors. The greatness of a University does not consist in its antiquity, in its funds, or in its extensive buildings. The concentration of intellect in the instructors is the first, the last, the only requisite.

But we must return to Teufelsdröckh, and to his clothes-philosophy. Our student becomes a visiter in the family of Count Zähdarm, whose character is described with grave humour.

"With his *Excellenz* (the Count,) I have more than once had the honour to converse, chiefly on general affairs, and the aspect of the world, which he, though now past middle life, viewed in no unfavourable light; finding, indeed, except the outrooting of journalism," (the freedom of the press, in the American phrase,) "little to desiderate therein. On some points, as his *Excellenz* was not uncholeric, I found it more pleasant to keep silence. Besides, *his occupation being that of owning land*, there might be faculties enough, which as superfluous for such use, were little developed in him."—page 128.

From the chapter entitled "Romance," we extract the following pretty description of the poor student's love:

"Day after day, like his heart's sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. Ah! a little while ago, and he was yet all in darkness: him what Graceful (*Holde*) would ever love? Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. Withdrawn, in proud timidity within his own fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited by night spectres enough, he saw himself with a sad indignation, compelled to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O now! 'she looks on thee,' cried he, 'she, the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes tell thee, thou art not despised? The heaven's messenger! All heaven's blessings be hers!' Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart; tones of an infinite gratitude, sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had been provided."

"In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic speech of music; such was the element they now lived in, in such a many-tinted, radiant Aurora; and by this fairest of orient light-bringers must our friend be blandished, and the new Apocalypse of nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a star, all fire and humid softness,

a very light ray incarnate! Was there so much as a fault, a 'caprice,' he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him, in very deed, a morning star? Did not her presence bring with it airs from heaven?"—page 146.

But the course of true love ran not smooth with him. They part; his Blumine weds another, and that other his former friend. Teufelsdröckh is plunged in the deepest gloom. All the bitter pangs of a first great disappointment come over him. His faith in human nature, in virtue, in Providence, in God, is shaken. In true German romantic metaphysical style, the doubt and distraction to which he is now surrendered are embodied under the name of the Everlasting No. (*Das Ewige Nein*). And here is Teufelsdröckh, a figure of this all-doubting age, as in his subsequent progress is typified the happy change which the friend of humanity may anticipate, from doubt to settled, clear and rational faith, working by love.

"But what recks it," cries he, "it is but the common lot in this era. Not having come to spiritual majority prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, and not being born purely a loghead (*Dummkoff*), thou hadst no other outlook. The whole world is, like thee, sold to unbelief; their old temples of the God-head, which for long have not been rain proof, crumble down; and men ask now: Where is the God-head? our eyes never saw him!"—page 164.

But this cannot last. The agony of doubt is not at once removed, but it is quieted into comparative repose. He feels that if he can rely on nothing else, there is within himself the spirit of a man, and he learns self dependence, a feeble support however, compared with that derived from a higher faith. From the Everlasting No, he has reached the "Centre of Indifference." He is yet to attain the "Everlasting Yea." But the centre of indifference is the fitting period to philosophise calmly on the evil that is in the world. We cannot omit the two following extracts:

"What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected, all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'fire!' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in the place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers, nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor block-heads shoot."—page 176.

"Such I hold to be the genuine use of gunpowder, that it makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, cleverer than I, if thou have more mind, though all

but no body whatever, then cans't thou kill me first and art the taller. Hereby, at least, is the Goliath powerless, and the David resistless; savage naturalism is nothing, inventive spiritualism is all."—page 182.

Yes, but Herr Teufelsdröckh, does not inventive spiritualism degrade itself by the use of weapons so foreign to its own nature, so akin to that of savage animalism? Gunpowder law may be more refined than club law, but it is still only a modification of the brutal law of force. Far better is the lesson which immediately follows the last.

"With respect to duels indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOMABLE, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon, make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder, whirl and simultaneously, by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into dissolution, and off-hand become air, and non-extant! Deuce on it (*verdamint*)! the little spitfires!—Nay, I think with old Hugo Von Trimberg: 'God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous mannikins here below.'"

The mind, regaining strength, ascends from its centre of indifference to higher and better things. Our limits forbid us to trace its progress: we hasten to its conclusion.

"Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendors, of that truth, and beginning of truths" (the presence of God in nature) "fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than day-spring to the shipwrecked in Nova Zembla; ah! like the mother's voice to her little child, that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart, came that Evangile. The universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres, but god-like, and my Father's!

"With other eyes too, could I now look upon my fellow-man, with an infinite love, an infinite pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Even, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden? And thy bed of rest is but a grave. O my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes?" "Thus was I standing in the porch of that '*Sanctuary of Sorrow*;' by strange, steep ways had I too, been guided thither, and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the '*Divine Depth of Sorrow*' lie disclosed to me."—page 190.

"Small is it that thou cans't trample the earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained thee; thou cans't love the earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee, for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and He, too, was sent. Knowest thou that '*Worship of Sorrow*?' The temple thereof, opened some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures. Nevertheless, venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the altar still there, and its sacred lamp perennially burning."—page 194.

We have already occupied the attention of the reader too long for us to expect that he will accompany us in the analysis of the various chapters of the third book. We leave the subject indeed with regret, for those chapters contain most important lessons of wisdom. But they demand to be more than briefly scanned. Here it is that the author presents his views more definitely on the state of politics, religion, and human interests at large. To those who have a taste for pointed humour and good natured satire, we recommend the chapter on the Dandiacal Body; to those who catch the progress of society, and believe that present errors and follies are not to last forever, we offer

as suggesting cheering hopes, the chapters headed "The Phenix, and Organic Filaments." And if there be those who are willing to task their minds more deeply, that they may win brighter treasures; who, wearied with the heartless Utilitarianism which is the reigning spirit of the age, would feel that there is something higher and better in existence, than the merely visible, we refer them to the chapters on Symbols, and Natural Supernaturalism, and to that entitled Circumspective. From the first they will learn, how present institutions, and all institutions of human organization, are but shadows, symbols, clothes that may be cast aside; from the second, that there is in man something that is not a shadow, a symbol, something wonderful, something god-like. From all, may be gathered a hope, that as time passes, the true nature of man will be better understood, and that institutions of society will be formed, to correspond more fitly than the past, with the great ends for which man has been created. To us, the most interesting chapter in the whole, is that quaintly entitled church clothes. The whole aspect of the religious world convinces us, that the view it gives is essentially correct, that the present garments of Christianity, the forms under which it has exhibited itself, are fast becoming thread bare, and that the present century or the next will witness the adaptation of some more beautiful attire for the religious principle, some glorious apparel, which shall attract to the lovely form it will envelope, the homage and devotion of the world. O that the hope may be realized, and that the long lost unity of the church may be restored, though by the sacrifice of every one among those party names, under which Christians have so long warred against each other.

And now, farewell to this singular book. We leave it with the belief that its perusal will prove not only a source of entertainment by the rich vein of humour which frequently appears, but that it will be found of use, in tasking and developing the reader's powers of thought, in displaying vividly the prevalent errors of society and of the age, and in pointing to that faint glimmer which appears over the mountain tops, of a brighter day about to dawn.

SKELETON SERMONS.

The author of the Pursuits of Literature ridicules the epithet "Skeleton Sermons," as "ridiculous and absurd," speaking of those of the Rev. Charles Simeon, M. A. now Senior Fellow of King's College. When, in 1796, that divine published his edition of *Claude's Essay on a Sermon, with an Appendix containing one hundred Skeleton Sermons*, the celebrated Dr. William Cooke, father of the late Regius Professor of Greek, was Provost of King's, and to him, as in duty bound, Mr. Simeon presented a copy. The Provost read it with his natural appearance of a proud and dignified humility, and, struck with the unfortunate and somewhat ludicrous title of *Skeleton Sermons*, "Skeletons! skeletons!" he exclaimed, in his significant way, "Shall these dry bones live?" What would the Provost have thought and said, had he lived to see an edition of them in ten volumes 4to. price ten guineas?

THE DIRT EATERS.

————— Reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast.

Canning's Needy Knife Grinder.

NEVER were these words better exemplified than in that wretched class of people, whom the traveller meets with in some parts of the United States—Dirt Eaters. How strange, how unnatural, must such an expression seem in some parts of the world, almost incredible! but there are such persons, persons afflicted with a diseased appetite,—and as Horace says:

“Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hy drops.”

The disease grows upon them more and more. I have seen an experiment tried on animals with madder, when mixed with their food; the whole body even to the bones became colored with the dye. And even so with dirt eaters, their skins at first become sallow, and at length yellow, their lips colourless, and their whole countenance assumes a cadaverous appearance. The fiend is visible in their looks, and as if conscious of it, they hide themselves from mortal view, withdraw themselves from all society, and indulging in their vile propensity, become sluggish and inactive, their bodies swell, their features are distorted, an indigestible load of filth is collected in their stomachs, and they die at length in the greatest agony.

I was riding at my leisure along the banks of Black River, at one time patting my horse's neck in play, at another speaking cheerfully to him, (we had been companions for some hundred miles, and he was more than a companion to me, and he seemed with a sportive toss of the head to acknowledge it.) while now and then he would throw himself backwards on his hind quarters, his eyes flashing and his nostrils dilating with the spasmodic breath of fear. Some few steps before him the black moccasin would be seen crawling slowly down the bank of the river. The instinctive knowledge of the animal seemed to dread the deadly venom of the reptile. None but those who have experienced it can conceive how much a man becomes attached to his horse, when travelling alone through a thinly settled country.

We had sauntered along slowly and alone up the banks of the river, now and then passing a plantation. The poorer class of people, and some of the wealthier also, live in log huts, their chimnies made of a yellow clay, dug some few feet from under the sand. Unaccustomed to the luxuries of life, they live on corn bread and pork altogether, craving nothing but the accumulation of property. Now and then more immediately on the banks of the river some few rich planters may be met with,—persons who have found a good tract of cotton land and settled a number of negroes on it to plant cotton and sugar.—I had passed several such, and now mid-day was approaching. The sound of a horn came pealing down the river,—my horse started. My friends in England may imagine that the banks of these rivers are like the Thames, the Ouse or Witharn thickly settled with fences and roads,

mackadamized along the banks. They are mistaken: here is nature in her most perfect beauty, unviolated, and the traveller finds his road by the mark on the trees, which in this country they term a blaze, directing around the heads of creeks and bayous, which empty themselves in the river. Sometimes he will have to dismount, tie his horse to a tree and after having carefully carried his saddle, &c. over a tree or log which accident may have placed there, or the boatmen who have carried their harvest down the river in flat boats have felled on their return to avoid the necessity of swimming;—he is compelled to swim with his horse or run the chance of losing him. Now and then the deer bound across your path, or the wild turkey springs from the bush to the top of some towering pine, while the dull terrapin drops from the branch or log, pounces into the water as you approach, and sinks from your view, while the duck flits to the opposite bank or dives unseen to a considerable distance. The horn sounded again, and my companion again pricked his ears. We were approaching some dwelling, and he seemed determined to remind me, that if I was not hungry, it was his feeding time at least.

"Ged long dar—loog ad em dar, gosh;" and screek went the big screw of a cotton press, while a negro was whipping up the mules. A few steps further, and another little urchin kept screaming out while sitting on a long pole, that stuck out from an axle, running perpendicularly from the ground through, pulled round the floor above, by four mules, two of which he drove, while, as the affair moved round, another figure of fun and two more mules appeared in view, their black woolly heads looked as if they had been out on a snowy day as the cotton dropped from the gin above them. "Who lives here boy," I inquired? "Young massa, sir," answered the negro. "Well, but who is your young master?" "Why, Massa James Greeves, to be sure, dont knoo' Massa James Greeves?—tought ebery body know'd him—must be stranger here." "None of your business, sir," was my answer, and I went on to the dwelling house, for these black people are the most inquisitive creatures in the world; you can't speak in some houses, but immediately a big black face comes rolling round the door post, as if hung on a hinge on the outside. I got to the house exactly in time, for massa James Greeves, had just returned home to dinner; he was at that time trading away his place, as he said, to a gentleman in the house, and was going still further West. I found his friend, a young man of considerable intelligence, but little calculated for business; he had travelled on the Continent of Europe, had been educated in England, and was a ripe scholar,—he had but lately returned to the United States, and was now about to invest his patrimony to the best advantage; this was told me by our host, who referred to me as to the justice of the proposal he had offered. "I," continued he, "came here with less capital by one-third than he holds, and have made, on this plantation, sufficient to purchase more hands than I can get land to work; that is my only reason for moving westward, for I have some land here, as rich as any on the Mississippi." I asked if his land was not considerably worn. "That's of no consequence," observed our young philosopher, "it can easily be restored, and by irrigation, I am confident that I can recover a por-

tion of land on this plantation, which will be the best part of it. The subject has been a matter of consideration with me for some time,—I, for my part, am of opinion with Professor Walesby, that the Coast of Africa even might be irrigated not only to the recovery of immense quantities of rich land, as in the lowlands of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire in England, but to the removal of the malaria, which renders certain seasons of the year so deadly to the human family; and I have no doubt that the sickly season here would be considerably ameliorated by it.”

“In the first place,” said I, “my good sir, allow me to tell you that the growth in the swamp here, is for the most part cypress. I will admit that the land of cypress swamps is very rich, but the trouble in grubbing up the cypress knees will soon convince you that it is better to cultivate land that is sufficiently productive, and can be cleared with less trouble, than to attempt such experiments in a newly settled country. When land rises in its value, to be worth from one to five hundred dollars an acre, it may be worth your while; in the mean time, sir, take my advice. Hire a responsible overseer, one accustomed to the cultivation which you intend your land for, and you may get it tended to a much greater advantage.” At this moment two ladies entered, accompanied by another gentleman; one of the ladies was the sister of our young adventurer, who had come from the North with her brother to see their new home,—the other, the lady of the house; while the gentleman, from his constant attentions to the young lady, appeared to be an admirer, and not an unacceptable one, for his opinion was asked on all occasions. The young men had been college chums and fellow students, but the charms of the young lady were a sufficient apology for his attentions; she was very young, like the rosebud in its first bloom; the symmetry of her features and person so delicately formed, so perfect—her skin so fair, was now embellished by the contrast of the Southern lady who sat beside her, while the innocence of her youth added beauty to her countenance. The young man was constantly at her side; if she moved her hand, his eye would rest upon it in admiration; if his eye met her’s, he would gaze softly and steadily, intoxicated with the passion it elicited, while her’s looked the simple acknowledgment of one grateful for the admiration she was conscious of, until aware that some one else might read their looks if too long indulged; and when turning her eye, should she happen to discover some one watching them, the veil of conscious modesty would rise upon her cheek, acknowledging the love her innocence was unable to conceal. At first, I took them to be relations, and from the familiarity they evinced—on her asking if he thought that he was likely to accomplish his purchase as readily as brother would his—I asked very innocently, “is this gentleman your cousin?” I found that the interrogation was considered more inquisitive than agreeable; but the brother, with a smile, observed jestingly—“He is not a relative, sir, but pretends that he wants to be.” “Hush, said the sister, ha’ done, you are always quizzing one.” At the reiterated importunities of the party, I consented to spend the day with them. We spent it very agreeably, and I returned to Pensacola by the steam boat next day, promising, at their

request, to call and see them if ever I returned to that part of the country.

It was but little more than a year after this that I chanced to return that way, and, according to my promise, called on the family. The brother had assumed the garb and affected all the manners of the planter. He welcomed me with the warmth of an old acquaintance. I inquired after his friend; he expected him daily, he said. But his countenance wore a painful expression, and I could see at once that there was something not altogether right. I would not, however, notice it; but my suspicions were soon verified, when I entered the house and saw his sister. How can words describe the extraordinary change! Oh what a falling off was there! That delicate, that perfect creature, which but a year ago, or little more, I had gazed on in admiration, was now smiling with a pale and ghastly countenance. Those lips that were so beautifully red, now colorless, seemed as if they loathed each other; and would not deign to approach, while the gums, pale and dry, appeared through their distorted orifice. Her skin was yellow as the last stage of jaundice, and her body, once in perfect symmetry, was now swollen like one in pregnancy.

"My sister has been very sick," observed her brother.

And she, after the first smile of recognition was passed, turned away with a cold indifference apparently to all around her. I could not recover the shock; it affected my spirits, and I was glad to be left alone, while the brother went out to attend to his affairs.

I could have wished that I had never come, but I had to witness more affliction, for on that same evening the regular and heavy blowing of a steam boat was heard coming up the river; it stopped opposite the house; we all stood in the piazza. One gentleman was landed—he waited not to see his luggage put on shore, but hurried towards the house. The brother started to meet him. She raised her hands, drew a deep, deep breath, and with a sigh, exclaimed, "Tis he!" Her arms fell heavily by her side, and she turned into the house, exclaiming, "I cannot, I dare not see him." I guessed at the brother's motives. I could see his friend's countenance change; he turned pale; he tried to hurry on, while the other tried to delay him. She was sick, and he was therefore the more anxious to see her. I could hear the brother, as they approached, saying, "We did not mention in our letter any thing of her indisposition, thinking that she would recover; but the disease has grown on rapidly, and you must prepare for the worst." The young man, however, seemed not to consider it in so serious a light; he only grew the more impatient to behold her. How strange is prejudice; we cannot believe any thing wrong of those we love. Our passion seems to blind us to their faults. He hastily shook hands with me, and hurried on, as he, poor fellow, thought, to meet the only one he loved on earth—the beautiful being he had left. She rose to meet him as he entered, looking on the ground, and as she raised her head to look at him, never shall I forget the expression of the two countenances! She stood, conscious of her own loss—her lip quivering in its deformity and the tear starting in her eye, while he, uttering a scream of astonishment and

disgust, sank on a chair beside her, and hid his face in his hands. I left the room. It was a scene I could not bear to witness.

The young man slept in the same room with me. All night long did he continue in sobs and bursts of exclamation. One I cannot but remember—"Oh it is just, it is just," said he, "I loved her more than I did love my God, and oh how perishable has that beauty proved. Why do I murmur." Morning broke, and as I was preparing to start up the river, he requested I would put a small bundle in my saddle bags and convey it to the next house. I could not refuse. He never appeared at the breakfast table; but after I had got some four or five miles from the house, I overtook him; he had left them, he said, and for ever—traveling was the only thing, he felt convinced, that could remove or palliate the blow he had received, or withdraw his memory from the recollection of the past. He purchased a horse at the next house we came to, and accompanied me some thirty or forty miles. We were passing a lone hut with no signs of any improvement around it, excepting an empty corn crib, and a few acres fenced in. An ugly, rough dog came from under the house, barking at our horse's heels, and as this is a thing which of all others I dislike, I immediately commenced using the thong of my riding whip. The dog, however, was not to be driven back, until the master opened the door and called to him.

"I am very sorry, gentlemen, that you have been molested by the dog," he said; "but my family are all sick; my little girl is dying, and I have no one here to help me."

"Have you no physician?" I enquired.

"None, sir," said he, "there is none nearer than town."

I therefore proposed to lend what little aid I could. My companion dismounted also, but he had scarcely entered the house before he found his way to the door again. Here was indeed the miserable conclusion of the disease he had left. And when on my asking the father the complaint with which his family was afflicted, he told me that they had been eating filth or dirt. My young companion exclaimed, "What? Eat dirt! horrid depravity, horrid degradation; good bye, good bye, sir." He shook hands with me, and that was the last I ever saw of him. I have often, however, thought of him, poor fellow. The scene which now drew my attention, was extremely distressing. The hut contained but one room—there were three beds in it; all of which contained one or more. "What, are they all sick?" I asked of the father, who was by this time sitting on one of the beds, supporting a little girl in a dying state.

"All, all but me, sir," was his answer.

The poor child's feet were cold; I recommended a warm brick should be taken from the back of the chimney, wrapped in flannel and placed at her feet. The father went to get it for her.

"This is the filth they have been at, sir," said he, taking a handful of yellow clay from the fire-place, "this is the poison that has done all the mischief, sir."

The poor child was screaming in agony, perfectly sensible to the last.

"My poor child, my poor child," uttered the father, as he brought the warm brick to apply to her feet—it was too late, she had died in my

arms. "This is the second I have lost this week, sir, and there is another," said he, pointing to the opposite side of the bed. "And my wife, her mother, and all the rest of them, have been at it. I don't know what to do with them, I am sure."

I, for my part, could not help him, and left, unable to render any service. It was a new thing to me; I did not believe that such depravity could exist—worse than animals. It may be a disease, but surely mankind might withstand such an unnatural temptation. If it arises from acidity in the stomach, a little magnesia would be a sure remedy.

While reading this story to a friend, he assured me that he had seen a grey-headed old man die of the same cause, laying before the fire, while the deep holes in the chimney place which he had picked out and eaten, were extraordinarily large.—He died in great agony. Some again have eaten dirty rags, paper, and the bark from the pine tree.

SONG.—THE PALMETTO TREE.

BY WM. KEENAN.

Hurrah for the Palmetto tree,
Hurrah for the land of the brave,
Oh long may its green branches wave
Bright over the fair and the free!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Palmetto tree.

The ashes of heroes our soil,
Carolínians! have hallow'd forever,
And will their descendants ever,
From their glorious example recoil?
Hurrah, &c. &c.

No! while the warm stream is gushing
Undaunted we'll spring to the strife,
And wherever danger is rife—
Onward to glory still rushing.
Hurrah, &c. &c.

Then hurrah—Hurrah for the free,
Our fathers have proved in their need,
Their sons when called on will bleed,
Will conquer or perish with thee!
Hurrah! Hurrah, &c. &c.

THEORY OF THE TIDES.

NUMBER TWO.

The objections which I stated to the Newtonian Theory of the Tides, in the January number, have been submitted to the consideration and scrutiny of many gentlemen of distinguished talents and education. One of them observed, that such objections had been made previously by La Place, La Lande, De Lambre, Bowditch and others, but had not been thought sufficient to overturn in their minds or in others, a belief in the Newtonian Theory.

To this I reply, that if objections have been made to this theory, by such eminent men as these, I am more than ever confirmed in the arguments which I have urged against it. I have not seen any of the objections made by these distinguished writers, to the Newtonian Theory of the Tides; they may be much stronger than any of mine, and are certainly of much higher authority. I have seen no arguments against this theory, except those adduced in Sullivan's View of Nature, and in the book to which I previously alluded, the author of which suggested that the Tides may be accounted for, by supposing that they flow at ebb into the vast subterraneous caverns, which are known to exist, and flow back from them in flood tides. As to a gentleman's disputing the facts urged by me, particularly the similarity in height of the Tides, when the moon passes the superior and inferior meridian, I appeal for confirmation, to the Tide Tables in nautical books, of which that of Dr. Bowditch is chief. All scientific travellers say that there is no tide in inland seas. Spalenrani, one of the most distinguished, says, that in the Mediterranean Sea there is none, except in the straits of Messina, and that it may be traced to and from the vortex of Charybdis with great precision.

Another gentleman writes—"This argument* would be good, if the earth's centre were fixed in space, or what is the same thing, if the solid parts of the earth were fixed, while the waters are moveable. The fact is, that the solid parts obey in space, the least influence, as readily as the floods. As much therefore as the waters on the *anterior* side are drawn *faster*, so to speak, towards the moon than the earth's centre, by so much are the waters on the *posterior* side, drawn more slowly towards the moon. In both cases, therefore, the water assumes a greater distance from the centre at those two points, than at any other, allowing for the time necessary for the maximum effect to take place."

"The comparison between the power of the sun and moon on the tides, must be made between the *difference* of the moon's action at the earth's centre, and at its surface, with the corresponding difference of

*That if caused by the attraction of the Moon, there should be but one high tide in each day, but two high tides occur, then one of them should certainly be higher than the other because of that attraction.

the sun's action at the same points. It would then be found that the moon's relative action is vastly greater than the sun's relative action, I should presume two hundred times."

If I understand these observations, the gentleman means that the solid parts of the earth are as sensible to the moon's attraction, as the fluid parts. What! that the rock on the seashore, which we see covered by every tide, is as susceptible of influence as the water which surrounds, covers and leaves it periodically! This could not have been his supposition; then he may mean that the earth, has from its rapid revolutions, changed its shape and become spheroid. The fact is undoubted, but the difference is very inconsiderable, and that difference, however small, is fixed and permanent; while he supposes it to vary with every revolution of the moon. Surely he would not insist that this trifling difference, if any exist, can have any influence on the tides in Bristol Channel or the Bay of Fundy. He surely cannot mean that the moon, while it attracts the water faster on the anterior side, protrudes both the water and the solid earth on the posterior side also. Again he concludes, that "the moon's relative action is vastly greater than the sun's relative action: I should presume two hundred times;" and says that the comparison must be made at the earth's centre, as well as surface. Can this gentleman suppose, or expect us to believe, that the moon and sun influence the tides, by attraction at the centre of the earth, more powerfully than at its surface? Or that one of these planets has a greater relative attraction on the centre of the earth, than the other? That the sun has two-ninths of the power of the moon, is not my calculation, but is given on the authority of Sir Isaac Newton, and the different writers on astronomy and the tides, with slight variations. I give my authority, let him controvert it: if he disprove this calculation, he aids me in pointing out errors in those, who teach the Newtonian Theory of tides. But I may have misunderstood his observations; I either have done so, or he has resorted to sophistry in answer to facts.

Another gentleman, without either disproving the facts which I allege, refuting the calculations or denying the conclusions, has presented a series of questions in defence of the Newtonian Theory; I will endeavor to answer them in their order.

1st. If the Newtonian Theory of the tides be false, how happens it that the highest and lowest tides occur at lunar periods?

Answer,—One tide only in 25 hours is highest at the lunar period; if the elevation of that be attributed to the attraction of the moon, then must the second tide, which is high $12\frac{1}{2}$ hours after it, be raised by some other power,—the moon cannot attract it. This coincidence in time is not singular in nature. Where so many periodical revolutions take place it would be still more singular if some of them did not recur at similar periods.

2nd. Are not the semi-lunar periods to which you refer, in strict accordance with the Newtonian Theory!

Ans.—They are not in accordance with reason, nor accounted for satisfactorily in the Newtonian Theory. According to it, there should be but one tide in the lunar day. If there be two tides, then one of them should be higher than the other, which is not the fact.

3rd. May not different localities in the same latitude influence the tides?

Ans.—They do in point of time; whether in open or narrow channels, water is subject to the laws of gravitation and fluidity.

4th. Do not promontories, capes, inlets, &c. influence the tides, and are they not actually rising in parts of a creek when they are falling in other parts?

Ans.—They do in direction and in time—not in height. Whatever may elevate the water, it must tend to find its lowest level. This can no more prove that the moon repels the tides, than it raises them by attraction. Some other power may produce the same effects.

5th. Cannot local causes sufficiently account for the difference of time of high water, in the same parallel of longitude?

Ans.—Yes, if the two currents flow from different sources, or with a different impetus; this may take place without the influence of the moon.

6th. How happens it, that when the earth, sun and moon are in conjunction, or in opposition, we have the highest tides, and in quadrature the lowest?

Ans.—Certainly not from their attraction; for the tides are their lowest at noon, when they should be highest, if caused by attraction of the sun and moon united.

7th. Why should the tides be higher at the new moon, than at the full?

Ans.—Because the power of the sun is then added to that of the moon; and if they have any influence on the tide at any time, they cannot fail of raising it highest at new moon. As that effect is not produced, they have no influence.

8th. Admitting the attraction of the moon to be the principal cause of the tides, is it not to be presumed from the nature of the element on which it operates, that it must pass the meridian some time before high water?

Ans.—Certainly; but it is then low water not high, and the influence of the moon is therefore disproved.

9th. Does the Newtonian Theory lead by fair inference to the position that the moon possesses antagonizing powers—the one of raising the water—the other of repelling it?

Ans.—I think so—for if at full moon it be considered the sole cause of high tides by attraction, it should be equally the cause of neap tides at the quadratures by repulsion: there is no other ostensible cause for opposite effects.

10th. Internal seas and lakes have no tides, why?

Ans.—If the moon had any influence whatever on any tides, it could not fail to cause great tides in the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Black Sea and our northern line of lakes.

11th. But if the moon be in perigee, is it not plain that the tides would be higher on that account?

Ans.—According to the Newtonian Theory they should; but I prove by every tide table, that the water does not rise higher at that time, than any other, and therefore disprove that theory.

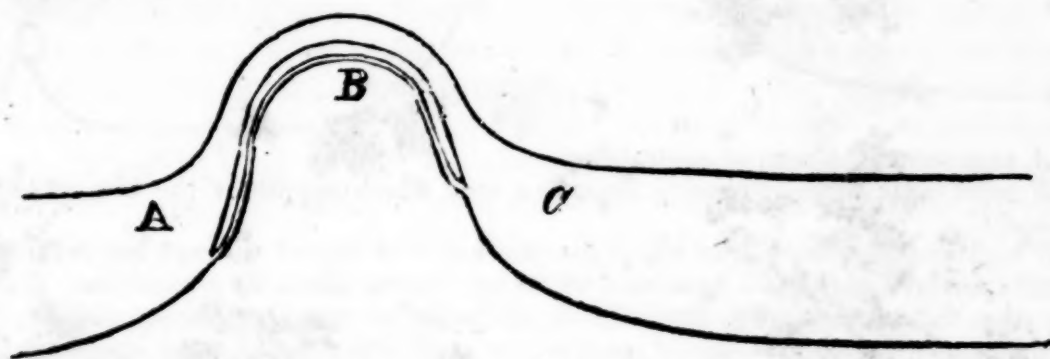
In the first part of this inquiry, I noticed the suggestion of one author, whose name I cannot recollect, that the tides were produced, by the waters being drawn into subterraneous caverns producing ebb tide, and returned from them into the common reservoir, at the time of flood: no explanation being offered, by what means the water might be so returned. Reflecting on the maxim of Sir Isaac Newton, that "the greatness of the tides depended on the greatness of the sea," a theory of the tides occurred to me, which I will endeavor to explain. This, whether satisfactory or not, may serve to engage the attention of reflecting men—correct the erroneous arguments of the schools—elicit some more happy exposition of these phenomena—some theory more satisfactory than any yet offered.

That such caverns and central fires exist, cannot be doubted by any one, who reflects on the earthquakes and other phenomena of nature, such as warm springs, the escape of hydrogen and carbonic gas from the earth, &c. The Institute of France have prosecuted their inquiries into the temperature of the earth, at different depths, in the immense excavations under Paris, and other places, in which the thermometer could not have been influenced by the lamps, by the number of persons present, or any other casualties. They have discovered that above the level of the sea, there is no material difference, but below it, the increase of temperature is so uniform and certain, that at the depth of one mile, water would be made to boil, by the increased central heat, and at a greater proportional depth, lava would be melted.

That the water of the sea flows into some of these caverns we cannot doubt, as there is no other way of accounting for the saltiness of the sea, than by its dissolving mineral or fossil salt in these subterraneous receptacles. I suppose the sea water to approach in these caverns to some of the central fires, and overflow the rocky partition separating the fires from the waters. One such overflow would be sufficient to set the tides in motion. The steam produced by this overflow of the water on the fire, filling the chamber of the two caverns where they unite, would act with such force on the water, as to drive it out into the ocean, producing flood tides. The overflowing of the water into the caverns would consequently cease, soon after this cessation of pressure on its surface. But a sufficiency having overflowed to fill the *chamber* or cavern completely, the water is *consequently* expelled into the ocean. By this time, the steam is expended, to the whole extent of its limited power, it next becomes chilled, then condensed and reconverted into water: at this moment, the water in the ocean acting by its own gravity, and its well known tendency to a level, begins to resume its elevation in the caverns, causing ebb tide on our shores; it again overflows into the caverns occupied by fire, is again converted into steam, and thus produces the regular alternate motion of the waters with precision and accuracy.

But it may be well objected, that although steam might produce such effects, yet the steam caused by the overflow of water during one hour, could not keep up this expansive power six hours, without continued, occasional, moderate supplies of water. I do not suppose it would, but believe that this continued moderate supply may be obtained with uni-

form precision and accuracy, by the same means, which produce periodical fountains. The water *rising* in the caverns by its tendency to a level, with that of the ocean, reaches the arch or curve of the syphon, and continues to flow with a steady stream until expelled from the caverns below its insertion or mouth, by the increasing power of steam. The action of the syphon then ceases of course, until the tide again reaches its curve or arch, and then resumes its periodical supply for the formation of steam.



A represents a cavern of central fire.

B represents a syphon passing through a rock which separates the two caverns A and C.

C represents a cavern open in its communication with the ocean, into which the tide subsides by gravitation forming low water on the sea coast.

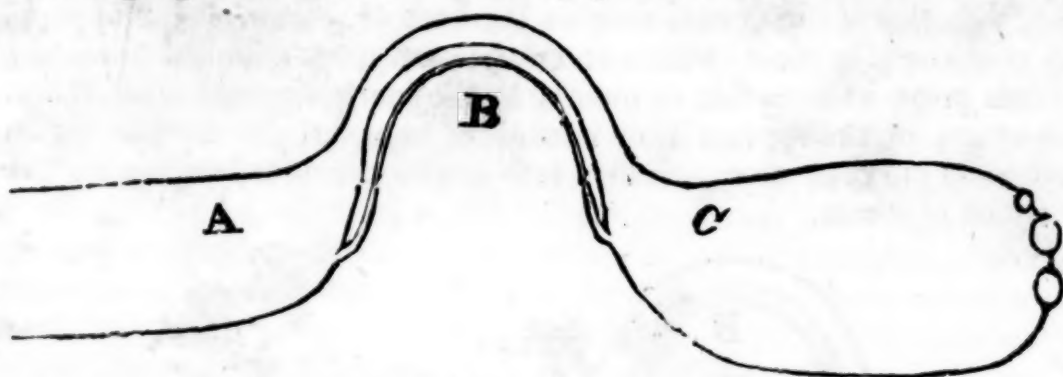
When the sea water thus collecting in C, rises to the top of the syphon at B it begins to run over into the cavern of fire, and continues to flow in a moderate stream until the water is expelled by the steam as low as the mouth of the syphon at C.

To me it appears that these suppositions will account for the tides generally, in all parts of the world, and for the very high tides in some *particular* places, which have not been *satisfactorily* explained. It likewise accounts for the very moderate tides met with in some parts of the world, where, according to the present theory, they should be the greatest, and for the want of tides in inland seas; but it does not account for spring and neap tides, recurring alternately every two weeks. To explain these, I must again refer to Newton's observation, "that the greatness of the tides depends on the greatness of the sea." We must then seek for means by which an additional quantity of water may be periodically added to the sea, and withdrawn from it at intervals of thirteen or fourteen days.

We must now suppose the existence of caverns differently shaped from the first, having but one or more small entrances for the sea-water, and so small as only to admit water enough in about six days, to reach the curve or arch of the syphon. The water being thus abstracted from the ocean, neap tides are produced uniformly at that length of time, after each series of spring tides, viz: six days.

The water in the caverns having now reached its destined elevation, flows through the syphon into the central fires. It is then converted into steam, and continues to cause the expulsion of the accumulated waters in a similar term of time, and through the same apertures by which it had been filled from the ocean. The spring tides are then

over, the syphon has ceased to play, the steam is condensed, and the water regurgitates into the caverns by gravitation.



A represents a cavern of central fire.

B represents a syphon passing through a rock which separates the two caverns *A* and *C*.

C represents a cavern, into which the sea-water is forced through one or more small apertures during six days, and when full, is the cause of neap tides. Having risen to the curve of the syphon at *B*, the water runs through it into the cavern of fire, and the steam produced expels the water through the same apertures in about six days more, producing spring tides in the ocean.

This, I humbly think, will account for the periodical floods called spring tides, as well as neap tides, and the whole process fully accounts for the immense masses of mineral salt, which continue to accumulate from this evaporation of sea water.

It should not be thought irreverent, presumptuous, or unprofitable in man, to study and endeavor to explain the works of his great Creator. At every step the student becomes more and more convinced of his own finite comprehension and power, contrasted with that of infinity; at every step he is more and more disposed to wonder, admire and adore.

To this theory, some of my friends have said, give us further arguments, give us proofs, give us a view of the *officina naturæ*, expose to us the laboratory of the tides. These appear to be hard terms from those who surely have lost some portion of confidence in the arguments by which the Newtonian Theory was taught, but I will not be discouraged, and hope at least to open the door, that others more practised may demonstrate the truth. The irregularity in the height of the tides, is so great in different parts of the world, as to afford strong doubts of the moon having any influence in producing such great differences, in some places very near together; places in which the sun and moon rise and set nearly at the same moment. In the tide tables published by Blunt and Dr. Bowditch, we find that from Cape Florida all along the American coast to Martha's Vineyard, with great uniformity, it is high water from 7 o'clock to $\frac{3}{4}$ after 8, at new and full moon. And in all that distance the elevation of the tides is nearly the same, viz: 7 or 8 feet. But at Nantucket, the nearest land to Martha's Vineyard, and I believe within sight of it, the tide is not high until three hours after its greatest elevation at Martha's Vineyard, and rises two or three feet higher than at its sister island. So, also, from Nantucket northeastwardly to Sable Island, the high tide is three hours later and at least four feet higher than it is south of Martha's Vineyard. But there can be no doubt that the tides receive some impulse on the northern part of the coast, particularly at

Penobscot, stronger than it receives in the south, and that impulse I believe to be communicated by central fires.

At Cape Sable, too, the tide is two hours later and two feet higher on one side than on the other, of the same island. The influence of the moon would surely be the same, on both sides of the same small island, but the power of the central fires expelling their tides at different times and places, will account fully for this difference.

Books and charts of navigation inform us that from a point about 30 miles northwest of Cape Finisterre, the currents appear to radiate in every direction. That one certainly runs southwardly along the coast of Portugal and Spain; another into the Bay of Biscay; another to Cape Clear and the Western coast of Ireland; another called Rennall's Current to Scilly Island, and St. George's Channel; and a fifth into the British Channel. They are said to be very different in strength at different times, and occasionally to be scarcely perceptible. May they not on further inquiry, prove to be periodical as tides are, and discharged from some great cavern in the ocean, off Cape Finisterre?

The highly interesting account of Iceland by the Missionary, Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, gives such a striking and wonderful description of the periodical springs in that volcanic country, that no one can doubt of their being caused by water overflowing its rocky boundaries and falling in upon the subterranean fires; fires which are there visible to the eye and perceptible to the touch. In other volcanic countries, such warm springs are found also in the neighborhood of the sea, and are much more likely to exist in the bed of the sea, than on the land, on account of its greater depression,—its nearer approach to the subterranean fires. Of this nature are the periodical whirlpools in the Feroe Islands, such is Charybdis, and such Maelstrom, all in volcanic regions. The only notice of the first which I have seen, is by a Danish clergyman, who long resided in the Feroe Isles, and this distinctly notices its connection with the tides.

That of Charybdis is well known to every scholar, and has been always described by poets, travellers, and geographers, as periodical in its movements. Of these writers, the Abbe' Spalenzani is probably the most to be relied on. He explored it in person, and ventured into the middle of it in an open boat. He selected the most perfect calm, and the period or point of time at which Charybdis is tranquil, between the time and descent and discharge of its waters. He observes, p. 173, vol. 4, that although in other parts of the Mediterranean there is no tide, yet here "in the Strait of Messina it is very strong in consequence of the narrowness of the channel, and is regulated as in other places, by the periodical elevations and depressions of the water." Again, in p. 181, vol. 4, he says "The current ascends and descends at the rising and setting of the moon, and continues for six hours. In the interval between each ascent and descent there is a calm in Charybdis, which lasts at least a quarter of an hour, but not longer than an hour. Afterwards at the rising and setting of the moon, the current enters from the north," &c.

The mighty Maelstrom on the coast of Norway is likewise unquestionably a tide, and is said by all the writers that I have consulted on

the subject, to conform to the periods of the tides, and is therefore as they say, subject to the influence of the moon. As much so as other tides no doubt, but not more so.

Maelstrom is too dreadful in its power to be approached; but Charybdis is tangible, and may be further examined by every man of enterprise or science, by adopting the same precautions and employing such guides as Spalenzani. Charybdis appears to have been placed by Providence, in one of the mildest climates and in one of the most frequented seas, to attract the admiration of all. Charybdis appears to be set up midway between the volcanoes Etna and Strobolis, like the fine model of an engine, to exhibit art, excite wonder, and illustrate a portion of the divine mechanism in which we exist. No *material power* can be imagined by the mind of man, capable of giving impetus to such immense masses as the tides, except the power of fire.

GEORGE BALCOMBE, A NOVEL, IN TWO VOLUMES, NEW YORK, HARPER & BROTHERS, 1836.—Few more meritorious novels have appeared from the American press, than George Balcombe. The author, whoever he may be, is a man of fine taste, considerable inventive power and wields a skillful pen. His style is unambitious, but comes fully within the prescribed definition of "proper words in proper places." The plot of the story is well laid and skilfully executed. What will render it particularly acceptable to the American reader is the fact, that it is strictly an American work, and breathes throughout a truly American spirit. Balcombe is one of nature's noblemen, and his wife a specimen of a high-minded and warm hearted woman. Keizer is an original in his way—a useful personage, in whose movements we take no little interest, and to the success or failure of whose plans we are never indifferent. The part he acts throughout the work is so praiseworthy that we are half disposed to regret that there are any features of his character concealed from observation, which, if practically developed, would leave a less favorable impression of his character. Montagu is a whole-souled villain, whom we heartily detest for his meanness, treachery, artifice and cool and settled malignity. His base achievements rouse our indignation as effectually as the noble deeds of Balcombe challenge our praise. The fortunes of William Napier excite the most lively interest. The moral of the work is a fine one, viz; that the artifices of the hypocrite will sooner or later involve him in difficulty and cover him with shame.

We hope to hear from this author again. It is rather late in the day to invite attention to his work. Most of our readers have doubtless read it and formed a highly favorable judgment of its merits. A notice which we had prepared of it some months since was mislaid, but we could not avoid thus alluding to one of the best novels whether foreign or domestic, that has been published during the past year.

THE ORPHAN.

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

It was a fine spring morning in the village of H——, the woods rang with a cheerful melody, the trees scattered their sweet blossoms to every passing breeze, and the blue sky above seemed to shed the light of peace over all, but it penetrated not to the heart of a poor girl, who had just given the last lingering look to the home of her childhood, and with her bundle on her arm, containing all she possessed,—a neat but scanty wardrobe; was about to enter unfriended and alone upon the wide, untried sea of worldly cares. She paused a moment to gather a bunch of heart's-ease from the little garden, where she herself had planted them. They were the last she might ever take thence, and their little purple and yellow petals glistened with her tears.

Anne Rivers had been motherless almost from the hour of her birth, and had now just lost her only remaining parent, who, to the surprise of those who had known him, left insufficient to answer the demands of his creditors, and his child thus became pennyless, without protection, or any evident and immediate means of support.

Those who had formerly associated with and sought her, dropped off, one by one, when it was known that she needed assistance. She was chilled by coldness and neglect, and at that very season, when the youthful heart is most ready to expand in its unsuspecting warmth, to love and be loved, to sympathise in every body's griefs, and yield up its own to the voice of consoling tenderness, she was condemned to realize bitterly how cold are

“The charities of man to man.”

What most of all wounded her, was the avoidance at this time of one, with whom she had been intimate from childhood.

Linda Maxwell, the daughter of an opulent tradesman, was the belle and the beauty of H——. Between her and Anne, an early school-girl intimacy had commenced, which near neighbourhood and other incidental circumstances had tended to continue and increase, but during the last year or two, their childish familiarity had gradually declined. Linda's father had been rising in the world, while Mr. Rivers was growing poor, and Linda's head was running on village balls and parties, while Anne was subjecting herself to daily privations in the course of domestic duty.

Another circumstance perhaps insensibly tended to divide them. William Barton, universally a favourite in the village, and by far the finest young man it could boast, had for some time devoted himself to both, with an impartiality that gave rise to much speculation among the gossips of H——. His conduct in this respect was thought to be inconsistent with his character, which had always exhibited that remarkable frankness and decision that seem to be induced by the adventurous life of a sailor. His countenance was full of spirit and good sense, his eyes were eloquent in tenderness, they flashed in scorn of whatever was mean

or dishonorable, and they could look clearly and unabashed in the face of detraction.

He was Linda's partner in the dance, and Anne's in her rambles among the hills. He played the flute to Linda's piano, and read to Anne while she plied her industrious needle. With the one he romped when she was gay, and for the other he had numberless tales of the sea to amuse her when she appeared dispirited or fatigued, or to bring up the sweet wonderment in her meek eyes, and cause them to beam through the mist of tears at the toils and perils of a sailor's life. Linda wore in her hair the ribbons he had admired, and Anne hid the violets he had gathered, in her bosom.

Some slander-mongers affirmed, that he was flirting most unwarrantably with both; but others, more charitable in judgment, declared there could be no doubt the young man was really in love with one or the other, but being too young and too poor to think of married life, that he was thus equally distributing his attentions, in order, honorably to avoid entangling the affections of either. If such, however, were his well-principled resolve, it was vain in the one case, and needless in the other. Linda was too conscious of her own charms to think of rivalry, nor indeed had the attentions of the young sailor made any other impression on her heart than to please its fancy and gratify its love of admiration: but Anne was nourishing almost unconsciously in her bosom, a deep and enduring affection.

Neither perhaps looked beyond the present or knew what was in William's heart. He went to sea and made no avowal, yet something might have been judged by the parting interview with each.

He passed the first hours of the evening before he sailed, with Linda, and with a sailor's honest freedom, snatched a kiss from her blooming cheek, as he bade her farewell.

With Anne he lingered longer: he saw that her heart was oppressed as well as his own; he wiped the tears from her eyes, and gave her his favorite poem "*The Shipwreck*," begging her to read it and think of him, whose unquiet home was now to be upon the sea: and so they parted.

Three years passed away, and no one heard of him; he who had been the life of the village, was by most forgotten, and of those who had remembered him at all, the greater part believed he never would return.

Neither Anne nor Linda spoke of him to each other; indeed they now rarely met. Linda had become more than ever absorbed in amusement, and Mr. Rivers' declining health required all the time and attention of his devoted child.

After a lingering and painful illness, at length he died, and Anne in the hour of her affliction, did not feel Linda's neglect the less deeply, that their friendship had been thus long on the decline.

"I knew," she said in the sadness of her heart, "I knew that all sympathy was long ago over between us, and that our affection had become 'as a tale that is told,' but I did think some kind recollections of former times, would have brought her to me at this trying moment."

It was the finishing blow to the little remains of early attachment that had still lingered in her bosom, and she was soon after so situated as

necessarily to meet Linda every day, and so changed in feeling as to do so with the same indifference she had felt towards a stranger.

Mrs. Maxwell offered the friendless orphan a home in her family, telling her, she knew that her domestic habits would render her highly useful, especially in the care of the younger children.

"I shall give them quite up to your management, Anne," said she, with what was meant for a benign smile. "For a year or two at least, you may save me the expense of their schooling. Linda is extravagant, and throws by her dresses before they are half worn: you can exercise your skill in making them over for the children, and now and then in fitting a gown or so for yourself."

Poor Anne was fain to accept this meagre charity, though she would have preferred a situation remote from her native village, and to earn a subsistence among strangers, rather than at the hands of those with whom she had held relations so different; but nursed in the bosom of retirement, friendless and unacquainted with the world's rough ways, she was utterly ignorant of any of the means by which a young person of her cleverness and energy, might more pleasantly and creditably have established herself. Nor was it the least of her young heart's vexations to be thus holding a situation of dependence in the family of Linda's mother—

"Above a servant, but with service more."

With a resolution and good sense however, unusual in one so young, she bore up against these trials.

She often times sighed over the memory of the past, but she was not one to brood inactively over a romantic sorrow. Her patience and humility were daily exercised, but she never quite lost the sunlight of cheerfulness, and resolutely sought for happiness in the conscientious performance of her duties.

"She veiled her troubles in a mask of ease,
And showed her pleasure was a power to please."

The children were over indulged, wilful and idle: she had a hard task to govern them, but her patient perseverance effected much. In the morning she taught them their lessons in a little confined room, in one corner of which stood her own bed, and this apartment was dignified with the title of school room, while she herself, without salary, and performing numerous menial offices, bore in the family the sounding appellation of governess.

Her pleasantest hours were when she walked with her little charge into the outskirts of the village, and entered with the buoyant spirit of youth and health into their amusements: opening her heart to the sweet influences of nature, chasing butterflies with them, running races down the green hills, or gathering fruits and flowers that grew wild in the fields. These moments of recreation however were short: she was expected to employ her needle at home with all diligence, and it was only at night that she had an hour or two to herself in her own room: it *was* her's at that hour. What snatches of leisure she had, she loved to employ in reading, and sometimes, when Mrs. Maxwell and Linda were out, she had a quiet hour's enjoyment in the parlour, where from the little shelf of showy books, she could select a few calculated at once to

charm and instruct. Her favorite was "Falconer's Shipwreck," and there were moments when the hand that held that cherished volume, would drop upon her lap, and her thoughts would stray with a deep and tender interest to him who gave it: the distant object of that early love, that had sprung spontaneously like a wild violet, amid the verdure of her heart, and now lay there drooping and folded, but not dead. These, however, were indulgences of rare occurrence. She had that peace, which arises from constant and regular occupation, and though her cheek was paler and her eyes less bright than had been their wont in happier days, she wore that look of sweet serenity, that becomes a young face, even more than freshness and bloom.

Thus passed three years; when, one morning taking up a newspaper, one of the children had brought into the school room, she read—"Arrived at D—, from —, the ship Garonne, William Barton, commander."

Could it be he? Had William indeed returned to his native country after so many years? Had the poor sailor boy thus risen in his profession; and if so——! it was a thought that alternately flushed and paled her cheek,—would he remember her?

She laboured in vain this day, to confine her mind to the routine of the children's occupations. She longed, yet dreaded to meet Linda: at one moment she was on the point of seeking her, hoping she would speak of William, and tell her something more concerning his return, than the slight information gained from the paper: but again her heart shrank timidly from the thought of exposing the interest she felt to one, with whom she had so few sympathies.

The day wore wearily on, and the quiet of her mind was disturbed by anxiety and indecision.

In the evening, as she was making tea, she heard from the lips of Linda, the name she had so longed, yet feared, to utter. She came near dropping the cup she was handing to a servant, and felt as if every eye was upon her, but nobody was thinking of poor Anne in her remote corner, and in a few minutes she gathered courage to listen.

"He was always a fine young man, and I doubt not, has turned out well," said Mrs. Maxwell,—"*I understand he is to be here on the twelfth.*" "*The twelfth, mamma!*" exclaimed Linda, "*that is the night of the assembly at —'s rooms! Do you think he will be there?*"

"An invitation should certainly be sent," was the reply. "Pray Mr. Maxwell, my dear, see about it yourself: it is no more than a proper respect, which ought to be paid to our young townsman."

"Very well, my dear. They say he has made a fortune, and has come home to spend it: he is quite right. A man must be a fool to follow the seas, who has property sufficient to live at home. I think, Linda, he used to be a beau of yours: eh?"

"Dear papa!—that was so long ago. I dare say he has forgotten it. I am sure, for my part, I can scarcely remember how he looked."

No more was said. No reference was made to Anne: they seemed not to remember she had known him. She soon after retired unnoticed to her room, but sleep visited not her eyes until a late hour. Little hope was blended with the excitement of her spirit. Prayer

glowed warmly in her heart that night, but it was for patience and submission, more than for the fulfilment of any wish she had dared to form: yet, as the lids closed at last over her aching eyes, there was a murmur upon her lips, "How could Linda forget his looks."

For several days, no more was heard of Barton. The night of the twelfth arrived. Linda's toilette was unusually laborious, and as Anne assisted, she thought she had never seen her so brilliant in beauty. The conscious glow was bright upon her cheek and lip, the flash of triumphant expectation almost dazzling in her eye.

"How he will admire her," thought Anne; and as she gazed, perhaps it was to be forgiven, that a sigh swelled her soft bosom, at the contrast her own paler cheek and plain gingham dress presented. She turned quickly away from the glass, and as she heard the door close after Linda and her mother, sat down in the solitude of her heart, and buried her face in her hands, while the slow tears trickled through her slender fingers, and she thought of days departed, never, she feared, to return. Dispersing them quickly, however, she sought her favorite poem, and endeavoured to arouse the interest it had so often before imparted. After a time, the sincere and well principled effort was crowned with success, and she was reading with almost all her usual enthusiasm,—

"But now soft nature's sympathetic chain,
Tags at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
The faithful wife forever doomed to mourn
For him alas! who never shall return;
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour or defend;
All faint to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child he cries:
The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound—"

When she was startled by hearing her own name uttered close to her ear, in a voice that thrilled every chord in her bosom.

She looked up—could it be?—it was—William Barton. There were the same intense blue eyes that had so often made her heart leap, the same bright smile, less glad perhaps, but more sweet, more tender.

For a moment she stood bewildered. "William!" at last she said, extending her hand to meet his grasp, and then, in utter confusion, "I fear,—I fear,—it is a mistake,—the ladies are out, they expected you at the assembly room ——"

"Ladies!—Anne, I came here to see you, if indeed you are unchanged, if you mean not to forget and disown an old friend ——"

"Disown,—forget,—Oh William." She burst into tears, and he pressed her to his heart, and wiped them as he had done when last they met and parted.

"This is no time for concealment," he said. "I know you are unchanged, and though the name of love has never yet passed our lips, we have always understood each other's hearts. Have we not, my own, my dearest,—and shall we ever part again? Well, do not answer then,—only hide your dear face in my bosom, and let me tell you, that your father's house, the house where I left you, was the first to which my feet were directed:—there I was told where to seek you,

and I have come to claim the promise, your eyes have so often unconsciously given,—that promise which has been my hope, through all these long years of absence. Oh, more precious to me, these tears, this tenderness, than all that earth beside could offer.”

It was enough. The desolate orphan's heart was filled with comfort, the bloom remounted to her cheek, the lustre to her eye. A few weeks more, and she was no longer without one to cherish and uphold her. She was the happy wife of William Barton. W.

THE SHIP.

Thy broad, bright canvass flaunts in the blue air,
And thou dost seem a thing of hope and fear!
What strange sensations kindle at the sight
Of thy far pennants in the golden light!

My heart had learned to dance upon thy deck,
O gallant ship! that boundest to the main,
I loved thee from strong impulse, nor can check
The fervor as it leaps in the mad vein!

With darkness and lone musings on the deep,
Thou didst familiarise the ardent boy;
Who, bending o'er thy prow, could only weep
From an excess of undefined, strange joy!

No single purpose, and no wish or aim
Congenial to his fellows, marked his course,
Save one—a thirst, a longing after fame!
Whose steed he should bestride as a wild horse

Careering in the desert! with his mane
Like thine, Old Ocean! when 'tis tempest tost,
Put to his speed! and breathing proud disdain
On meaner things along the path he crost.

The winds are up!—thou cleavest the dark wave
As thou didst spurn it from thy onward prow!
What tho' it prove to thee and thine a grave,—
There is no shame to sink 'neath such a foe!

My old companion, and my gallant friend!
I could embrace thee! but that this vile chain
Still keeps me down,—although it cannot bend
The spirit that would leap to thee again!

A moment's struggle, and I might be free
To walk again thy broad and liberal deck;
And, mounting to thy mast-head, once more see
These spires and steeples dwindled to a speck!

'Tis not that long acquaintance breaks the edge
Of the iron, ent'ring deep into the soul;
Proud bosoms may endure, but not allege
Their cause of grief, whilst spurning its control.

The unpractised eye can trace no discontent
In the calm countenance, and subdued air;
Tho' bruised, the loftier mind is still unbent,—
And sleeps,—as sleeps the lion in his lair!

The last at midnight prowls, by famine led,—
And the long desert echoes the loud roar!
The first, tho' passive as the insensate dead,—
Suffers so far,—but will not suffer more!

And men tempt man as hunger tempts the brute,
With fiendlike instinct pinching to the bone;
As they would tear up feeling by its root,—
Making the standard of all minds, their own.

'Till earthquakes of the human breast have heaved
These reptiles from its bosom,—nations rise!
And burst at last the thraldom tyrants weaved,
The mind coercing 'neath the gorgeous guise!

Spirit of Liberty! upon the wave
Thy fittest altars rise!—no despot there
Hath ever forged the fetters that enslave
Mankind in their dull haunts of crime and care.

The paltry demagogue, the meanly great,—
The men who, ripe for treason and her spoil,
Would rise upon the ruins of a state,
And rear sad trophies o'er a bleeding soil!

Thy free and ancient pathway never yet
Distained with crime, nor o'er thy giant frame,—
Tho' the weak Persian, when his sun had set,
And foiled ambition stood rebuked of Fame,

Laid powerless hands upon thy mighty mane!
But could not, Ocean! vex thy waves to whelm,—
Man never yet hath forged for thee the chain,
Nor circumscribed the limits of thy realm!

Still thou art free!—and I with thee would dwell,
On thy remotest shore would anchored be!
So I escaped me from the hourly hell
Of this caged life's recurring agony.

Merged in the haunts of meanly minded men,
To mix, constrained, with coxcombs, knaves and fools;
To feel that we have lived, and live, in vain,—
Whilst fancy sickens as its fervor cools.

The rock and hourly vulture are at hand,
And thought, subsiding, sighs to find no rest!
The Ocean lies before me, but the land
Still claims its captive, chained to its dark breast!

If in this hour the strong conception rise,
Long nurst, and long supprest, in vain,—but no!
'Tis fitting it should wear its old disguise,
And sink as the seal closes!—be it so.

J. W. S.

ASTORIA.

ASTORIA; OR ANECDOTES OF AN ENTERPRIZE BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By WASHINGTON IRVING, 2 vol. 8 vo. CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD, PHILA. 1836.

To the adventures of those hardy pioneers of the "far west," whom a love of enterprize and novelty, or the "*res angusta domi*," and the hope of better things abroad, have induced to abandon the abodes of civilization, to dive into the wilderness, to dare the inclemencies of the seasons, and the hardships of a frontier life, to war with the untamed beasts of the forest, and the more dangerous, because more subtle, wiles of the indomitable Indian, we are indebted not only for a knowledge of

"The mountain lone and high, the dark and silent wood,
The desert stretch'd from sky to sky in awful solitude,"

which constitute the peculiar scenery of our western wilds; but also for the existence of a singular race of men, and a strange habit of life, which have formed the *materiel* of our best national novels, and given to their writers a deserved celebrity, as the founders of a new school of romance, as different from that of their transatlantic brethren, as the *Ivanhoe* or the *Pelham*, of the latter is from the *Tom Jones* or the *Roderick Random* of their predecessors. The capability that is inherent in these scenes, and in these people to be *wrought up* into romantic fiction, is evident from the work before us, which though "a plain, unvarnished tale," a mere narrative of a speculative voyage, unembellished with the meretricious ornaments of imagination, and confined to a true and unexaggerated detail of some of the realities of western life, would oftener seem the legend of a mountain romance, whose heroes had revived the adventures of the knights of olden time, "lured by love and ladies' eyes," than the recital of events, in which the actors were simply, hardy fur traders, Canadian voyagers, and substantial travelling merchants, engaged in the somewhat dull and unromantic matter of dollars and cents.

The OREGON TERRITORY* which was the "El Dorado" of all the adventurers, who figure in the volumes of Mr. Irving, has on account of its value and importance to the trading companies of the North West, been a fertile source of dispute among the various nations, whose colonial dominions border on it, and the United States, who undoubtedly have the best claim to its ownership,—that derived from priority of discovery and possession. It is known that on the 11th of May, 1792, Captain Robert Gray, then commanding an American vessel, the *Columbia Rediviva*, which had been fitted out by some merchants of Boston, for the purpose of trading on the North West coast, entered the mouth of the Columbia, the principal stream of the Oregon, and bestowed the prenomer of his ship upon the river. Capt. Vancouver who was then at Nootka, being immediately apprized by Capt. Gray of the circumstance, dispatched an officer to examine the channel, and we have

* This territory derives its name from the quantity of wild marjorum or some similar plant, with which it abounds, and which in Spanish is called *Oregano*.

thus his evidence, (for he mentions the fact in his Narrative,) of the right of prior discovery being vested in the United States. Our claim to these wild regions was afterwards, still further confirmed, at the same time, that our knowledge of their character was extended, by the land expedition of Lewis and Clarke, who in 1804, accomplished, under the auspices of government, a journey up the Missouri, across the Rocky Mountains, and down the Columbia to its mouth,—an enterprize which indeed had been projected thirty years before by two Englishmen, Carver and Whitworth, but which was defeated by the commencement of the American revolution.

A long and vexatious controversy between the government of the United States and that of Spain, was finally terminated in 1821, by the treaty of Washington, in which the 42d degree of latitude, is recognised by both powers, as the settled limit of the Oregon territory and the Mexican provinces. The claim of Russia to the same tract, may be considered as ceded by the Convention of April, 1824, which places the provisional boundary of the Russian and American settlements on the Pacific, at the parrallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$ N. With Britain, however, the question as to the right of soil, has not been so easily or so satisfactorily determined. It still remains a "*lis sub judice*," and there has appeared a delicacy or an unwillingness on the part of both powers to bring it to an issue. In the Convention of 1818, the claims on this subject were left unsettled, and it was agreed, that the country West of the Rocky Mountains should be admitted in common, for the purposes of trade to the inhabitants of both nations, during the ensuing ten years, and a subsequent treaty in 1828, extended that arrangement to an indefinite period. At present the amicable relations existing between the two powers, preclude the probability that the claim will be speedily decided; but it is not to be doubted, that should any thing occur to disturb that harmony, a territory like this, containing a surface double that of the whole Atlantic slope and the Valley of the Ohio united, irrigated by numerous rivers, blessed with a fertile soil, commanding a lucrative and almost inexhaustible trade, which is daily increasing in value, by the vast tide of western emigration, and capable of supporting with facility, at least ten millions of inhabitants, would not long remain without invasion or without defence; in such an event, its dominion, and with it, the sovereignty of the Pacific, would form no small share of the contest.

These international relations, to which we have thus briefly adverted, did not however retard the progress of commercial enterprize or scientific ardour. Several expeditions were commenced, and in some cases accomplished, having in view either the accumulation of wealth by a trade in fur, with the Indians of the western mountains, or the exploration of those regions, rich in the materials of science and natural history. Among the former was one fitted out near thirty years since by John Jacob Astor, a native of Germany, but who was then and is now a wealthy and enterprizing citizen of New York. It is "the hair breadth 'scapes by flood and field," of the hardy actors in this expedition, their suffering and sometimes romantic adventures among tribes of hostile and knavish Indians, their perilous journeyings over

mountains of snow, and amid wildernesses destitute of herb or animal, or their bold and wearisome voyage across two wide oceans, to reach Astoria the *ultima thule* of their wishes and wanderings, that form the subject of the two volumes which Mr. Irving has here bestowed upon the public, and which we are given to understand, are but the remodelled form, "the cub licked into shape" of a mass of documents and journals kept by the partners and clerks of Mr. Astor's company, occasionally enlarged by a reference to the published labours of more scientific travellers.

The expedition of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke. (to which we have already alluded,) who, in 1804, ascended the Missouri, crossed the stupendous barrier of the Rocky Mountains, and sailed down the Columbia to its mouth, had demonstrated the practicability of establishing a communication, in that direction between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and first excited in the mind of Mr. Astor, the idea of forming an extensive trading company, whose posts placed at intervals along the shores, and upon the tributary streams of the Columbia, should at length collect the proceeds of their traffic, at an emporium to be located at the disembogement of that great river into the western ocean. Thence the furs obtained during the preceding year, were to be shipped to Canton in a vessel, annually to be despatched from New York to this main establishment, with reinforcements and supplies; the proceeds were to be invested in the rich merchandize of China, and thus freighted, she was to return to New-York.

The persons selected by Mr. Astor to compose with himself the "Pacific Fur Company," were Mr. Wilson Price Hunt, "a person of great probity and worth," who was appointed chief agent of the principal, and Messrs. M'Kay, M'Dougal, and M'Kenzie, who had formerly been clerks of the North West Company, a British Canadian Association, from which, by the way, Mr. Astor anticipated, not without reason, some interference in his plans, and some opposition to his interests. Articles of Association were drawn out:

"According to these articles, Mr. Astor was to be at the head of the Company, and to manage its affairs in New-York. He was to furnish vessels, goods, provisions, arms, ammunition, and all other requisites for the enterprize at first cost and charges, provided that they did not, at any time involve an advance of more than four hundred thousand dollars.

"The stock of the company was to be divided into a hundred equal shares, with the profits accruing thereon. Fifty shares were to be at the disposition of Mr. Astor, and the other fifty to be divided among the partners and their associates.

"Mr. Astor was to have the privilege of introducing other persons into the connexion, as partners, two of whom, at least, should be conversant with the Indian trade, and none of them entitled to more than three shares.

"A general meeting of the Company was to be held annually at Columbia river, for the investigation and regulation of its affairs, at which absent members might be represented, and might vote by proxy under certain specified conditions.

"The association, if successful, was to continue for twenty years, but the parties had full power to abandon and dissolve it within the first five years, should it be found unprofitable. For this term Mr. Astor covenanted to bear all the loss, that might be incurred; after which, it was to be borne by all the partners, in proportion to their respective shares.

"The parties of the second part were to execute faithfully, such duties as might be assigned to them by a majority of the company on the North West Coast, and to repair to such place or places as the majority might direct."—vol. I. p. 43.

To carry into effect the objects of the Company, an expedition by sea and another by land were fitted out from New York by Mr. Astor; the former to convey to the mouth of the Columbia, the people and merchandize requisite for establishing there a fortified trading post, and the latter to proceed up the Missouri and across the Rocky Mountains, to the same point, exploring on their way the line of communication across the continent, and noting the most appropriate places for the location of interior trading houses. Among the passengers in the *Tonquin*, the vessel fitted out by Mr. Astor, we are introduced to a new and interesting race of men, the Canadian voyageurs, who are thus vividly described by Mr. Irving:

"The voyageurs form a kind of confraternity in the Canadas, like the *arrieros*, or carriers of Spain, and like them are employed in long internal expeditions of travel and traffic: with this difference, that the *arrieros* travel by land, the voyageurs by water: the former with mules and horses, the latter with *batteaux* and canoes. The voyageurs may be said to have sprung up out of the fur trade, having originally been employed by the early French merchants in their trading expeditions through the labyrinth of rivers and lakes of the boundless interior. They were coeval with the *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the woods, already noticed, and, like them, in the intervals of their long, arduous, and laborious expeditions, were prone to pass their time in idleness and revelry about the trading posts or settlements; squandering their hard earnings in heedless conviviality, and rivaling their neighbors, the Indians, in indolent indulgence, and an imprudent disregard of the morrow.

"When Canada passed under British domination, and the old French trading houses were broken up, the voyageurs, like the *coureurs des bois*, were for a time disheartened and disconsolate, and with difficulty could reconcile themselves to the service of the new comers, so different in habits, manners and language from their former employers. By degrees however they became accustomed to the change, and at length came to consider the British fur traders, and especially the members of the North West Company, as the legitimate lords of creation.

"The dress of these people is generally half civilized, half savage. They wear a capot or surcoat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trowsers or leather leggings, moccasins of deer skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the tobacco pouch and other implements. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English phrases.

"The lives of the voyageurs are passed in wild and extensive roving in the service of individuals, but more especially of the fur traders. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. They inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance; and instead of that hardness and grossness which men in laborious life are apt to indulge towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating; interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of 'cousin' and 'brother,' when there is in fact no relationship. Their natural good will is probably heightened by a community of adventure and hardship in their precarious and wandering life.

"No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardship, or more good humored under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers or coasting lakes; encamping at night on the borders, gossiping round their fires, and bivouacking in the open air. They are dextrous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning until night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old traditionary French song, with some regular burden in which they all join, keeping time with their oars; and if at any time they flag in spirits or relax in exertion, it is but necessary to strike up a song of the kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity. The Canadian waters are vocal with

these little French chansons, that have been echoed from mouth to mouth, and transmitted from father to son, from the earliest days of the Colony; and it has a pleasing effect, in a still golden summer evening to see a batteau gliding across the bosom of a lake and dipping its oars to the cadence of these quaint old ditties, or sweeping along, in full chorus on a bright sunny morning, down the transparent current of one of the Canada rivers.

"But we are talking of things that are fast fading away! The march of mechanical invention is driving every thing poetical before it. The steam boats, which are fast dispelling the wildness and romance of our lakes and rivers, and aiding to subdue the world into common place, are proving as fatal to the race of Canadian voyageurs as they have been to that of the boatmen of the Mississippi. Their glory is departed. They are no longer the lords of our internal seas, and the great navigators of the wilderness. Some of them may still occasionally be seen coasting the lower lakes with their frail barks, and pitching their camps and lighting their fires upon the shores; but their range is fast contracting to those remote waters and shallow and obstructed rivers unvisited by the steam boat. In the course of years they will gradually disappear; their songs will die away like the echoes they once awakened, and the Canadian voyageurs will become a forgotten race, or remembered, like their associates, the Indians, among the poetical images of past times, and as themes for local and romantic associations.

"An instance of the buoyant temperament and the professional pride of these people, was furnished in the gay and braggart style in which they arrived at New York to join the enterprise. They were determined to regale and astonish the people of the 'States' with the sight of a Canadian boat and a Canadian crew. They accordingly fitted up a large but light bark canoe, such as is used in the fur trade; transported it in a waggon from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the shores of Lake Champlain; traversed the Lake in it from the end; hoisted it again in a waggon and wheeled it off to Lansinburg, and there launched it upon the waters of the Hudson. Down this river they plied their course merrily on a fine summer's day, making its banks resound for the first time with their old French boat songs; passing by the villages with whoop and halloo, so as to make the honest Dutch farmers mistake them for a crew of savages. In this way they swept, in full song, and with regular flourish of the paddle, round New-York, in a still summer evening, to the wonder and admiration of its inhabitants, who had never before witnessed on their waters, a nautical apparition of the kind."—vol. 1. p. 47—50.

The Tonquin sailed from New York on the 8th of September, 1810, and the "log" of her voyage is diversified by a humorous account of the continual bickerings between Capt. Thorn her commander, a straight forward sailor, though a strict disciplinarian, and the partners of the Company, who were disposed to demand more respect and obedience than he was willing to pay, and the wordy contests, hardly less frequent, between the partners themselves; contests, however, which like the quarrels of lovers, were soon settled and always terminated in caresses. On the 20th of December, the good ship doubled Cape Horn, and after touching at Owyhee, eventually reached the mouth of the Columbia on the 22nd of March, 1811. On the 12th of the following month, the embryo metropolis of the future great Western Republic was founded, and in honor of the father of the expedition, the name of ASTORIA was bestowed upon it. The Tonquin afterwards sailed for the North West coast to drive a trade for furs and peltries with the Indians of those regions: but she never returned. Her hardy crew and her frank and simple hearted commander were massacred by the savages of Vancouver's Island. As the relation of this tragical event constitutes one of the most interesting episodes in the whole work, our readers will doubtless pardon us a rather free and copious extract.

"Steering to the North, Capt. Thorn arrived in a few days at Vancouver's Island, and anchored in the bay of Neweetee, very much against the advice of his Indian interpreter, who warned him against the perfidious character of the natives of this part of the coast. Numbers of canoes soon came off, bringing sea otter skins to sell. It was too late in the day to commence a traffic, but Mr. M'Kay, accompanied by a few of the men, went on shore to a large village, to visit Wicananish, the chief of the surrounding territory, six of the natives remaining on board as hostages. He was received with great professions of friendship, entertained hospitably, and a couch of sea-otter skins was prepared for him in the dwelling of the chieftain, where he was prevailed upon to pass the night.

"In the morning, before Mr. M'Kay had returned to the ship, great numbers of the natives came off in their canoes to trade, headed by two sons of Wicananish. As they brought abundance of sea-otter skins, and there was every appearance of a brisk trade, Captain Thorn did not wait for the return of Mr. M'Kay, but spread out his wares upon the deck, making a tempting display of blankets, cloths, knives, beads, and fish-hooks, expecting a prompt and profitable sale. The Indians, however, were not so eager and simple as he supposed, having learned the art of bargaining and the value of merchandize from the casual traders along the coast. They were guided too, by a shrewd old chief named Nookamis, who had grown gray in traffic with New-England skippers, and prided himself upon his acuteness. His opinion seemed to regulate the market. When Capt. Thorn made what he considered a liberal offer for an otter skin, the wily old Indian treated it with scorn, and asked more than double. His comrades all took their cue from him, and not an otter skin was to be had at a reasonable rate.

"The old fellow, however, overshot his mark, and mistook the character of the man he was treating with. Thorn was a plain, straight forward sailor, who never had two minds nor two prices in his dealings, was deficient in patience and pliancy, and totally wanting in the chicanery of traffic. He had a vast deal of stern, but honest pride in his nature, and moreover held the whole savage race in sovereign contempt. Abandoning all further attempts, therefore, to bargain with his shuffling customers, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and paced up and down the deck in sullen silence. The cunning old Indian followed him to and fro, holding out a sea-otter skin to him at every turn, and pestering him to trade. Finding other means unavailing, he suddenly changed his tone, and began to jeer and banter him upon the mean prices he offered. This was too much for the patience of the captain, who was never remarkable for relishing a joke, especially when at his own expense. Turning suddenly upon his persecutor, he snatched the proffered otter skin from his hands, rubbed it in his face, and dismissed him over the side of the ship with no very complimentary application to accelerate his exit. He then kicked the pelfries to the right and left about the deck, and broke up the market in the most ignominious manner. Old Nookamis made for shore in a furious passion, in which he was joined by Shewish, one of the sons of Wicananish, who went off breathing vengeance, and the ship was soon abandoned by the natives.

"When Mr. M'Kay returned on board, the interpreter related what had passed, and begged him to prevail upon the Captain to make sail, as from his knowledge of the temper and pride of the people of the place, he was sure they would resent the indignity offered to one of their chiefs. Mr. M'Kay, who himself possessed some experience of Indian character, went to the captain who was still pacing the deck in moody humor, represented the danger to which his hasty act had exposed the vessel, and urged him to weigh anchor. The captain made light of his counsels, and pointed to his cannon and fire arms as a sufficient safeguard against naked savages. Further remonstrances only provoked taunting replies and sharp altercations. The day passed away without any signs of hostility, and at night the captain retired as usual to his cabin, taking no more than the usual precautions.

"On the following morning at day break, while the captain and Mr. M'Kay were yet asleep, a canoe came along side in which were twenty Indians, commanded by young Shewish. They were unarmed, their aspect and demeanor friendly, and they held up otter skins, and made signs indicative of a wish to trade. The caution enjoined by Mr. Astor, in respect to the admission of Indians on board of the ship, had been neglected for some time past, and the officer of the watch,

perceiving those of the canoe to be without weapons, and having received no orders to the contrary, readily permitted them to mount the deck. Another canoe soon succeeded, the crew of which was likewise admitted. In a little while other Canoes came off, and Indians were soon clambering into the vessel on all sides.

"The officer of the watch now felt alarmed, and called to Capt. Thorn and Mr. M'Kay. By the time they came on deck, it was thronged with Indians. The interpreter noticed to Mr. M'Kay that many of the natives wore short mantles of skins, and intimated a suspicion that they were secretly armed. Mr. M'Kay urged the captain to clear the ship and get under way. He again made light of the advice; but the augmented swarm of canoes about the ship, and the numbers still putting off from shore, at length awakened his distrust, and he ordered some of the crew to weigh anchor, while some were sent aloft to make sail.

"The Indians now offered to trade with the captain on his own terms, prompted, apparently by the approaching departure of the ship. Accordingly, a hurried trade was commenced. The main articles sought by the savages in barter, were knives; as fast as some were supplied they moved off, and others succeeded. By degrees they were thus distributed about the deck, and all with weapons.

"The anchor was now nearly up, the sails were loose, and the captain in a loud and peremptory tone, ordered the ship to be cleared. In an instant a signal yell was given: it was echoed on every side, knives and war clubs were brandished in every direction, and the savages rushed upon their marked victims."—vol. 1, p. 114—118.

It is unnecessary to pursue the narrative further; the Indians at length succeeded in glutting their revenge to the utmost extent of their wishes. Indian massacres no longer wear the garb of novelty; yet the catastrophe in this instance was uncommon, and heroic. Four of the crew had escaped to the cabin, where they found Mr. Lewis the ship's clerk, who had been wounded in the beginning of the onslaught, and thence had opened a destructive fire of musketry which soon cleared the deck of the savages. During the night the four sailors embarked in an open boat to make their escape, but Mr. Lewis, not expecting to live, had refused to leave the ship. We may as well mention at once that their attempt did not succeed, they were driven ashore, and suffered that death of torture which Indians so well know how to inflict. In the morning, the savages flocked to the vessel and when the decks were crowded with the natives, "the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion." Lewis, hopeless of escape and bent on revenge, had applied a match to the magazine, and thus by "one fell swoop," had richly avenged the massacre of his countrymen, and rescued himself from the dreadful tortures which he knew awaited him.

The expedition by land, which was conducted under the personal surveillance of Mr. Hunt, the chief agent of Mr. Astor, was attended by many perilous adventures and hair breadth escapes. Starting from St. Louis the limit of western civilization, in October, 1810, they did not reach Astoria until February, 1812. It is not to be supposed that a journey across such a wilderness, traversed by rapid rivers, intersected by steep and snow clad mountains, and inhabited by hostile savages, could have been accomplished without affording some materials of interest to the historian. Mr. Irving has accordingly found no lack of matter; and the dangers of boat navigation—the exploits of bear hunters—the intrigues of rival fur traders—the rumours of lurking foes—sufferings from hunger and thirst—the perfidy of Indians—and "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to" when travelling in an American desert, figure in the succeeding pages of the work, in rapid

and sometimes almost confused succession. But at last the object of all these labours and dangers was obtained—they arrived at Astoria—a day was given up to jubilee—and in eating and drinking and dancing they forgot their past misfortunes.

“The winter passed away tranquilly at Astoria.” but in the spring it was found necessary once more to resume the labours and again to encounter the dangers with which most of the party were already but too well acquainted. Three expeditions were sent out; one to carry a supply of goods to a trading post which had been established the preceding autumn at the junction of the Oakinagau with the Columbia; a second to remove the articles that had been deposited by Mr. Hunt during his journey, in a “cache” or concealed pit on the Snake River; and a third to bear, over land, to Mr. Astor the tidings of the expedition. They departed on the 22d of March, but neither party reached its destination. The despatches had been deposited by Mr. Reed, the leader of the party in a tin box, which he fastened upon his back for safe keeping; but the very caution he had used to preserve them was the occasion of their loss—for the Indians, allured by the glittering metal of the box, and suspecting from the care bestowed upon it that it was a “great medicine,” determined to get possession of it. The travellers were attacked, and though they made a vigorous defence and succeeded in repelling their enemies, yet in the *melée* the box was seized by the savages and borne off in triumph. The great object of their expedition being thus frustrated, it was unnecessary to proceed further; they therefore retraced their steps and returned to Astoria where they arrived on the 11th of May.

But they were not deterred by their failure. In the beginning of the summer the expeditions were renewed, and their results were now more favorable. That of Mr. Stuart, to whom were consigned the despatches for Mr. Astor, arrived in April of the following year at St. Louis. The detail of his adventures is but a repetition of the perils and sufferings which had previously been encountered by Mr. Hunt, and like all “tales twice told” becomes rather fatiguing to the reader.

Let us pause for a moment in our narrative, to contemplate the character of the head and prime mover of the enterprize. Mr. Astor exhibits throughout these adventures a fortitude and perseverance in adversity, an equanimity of mind under the pressure of difficulties, that is not often met with in the common walks of life. He was not one, it is true, that could, like honest Dogberry, exclaim, “Go to, I have had losses,” and gather dignity and exultation from the circumstance, but he did not suffer the evil destinies that surrounded him to cramp his energies or to relax his efforts. When made acquainted with the Tonquin’s tragical fate, (which was not till several months after its occurrence,) though he naturally felt the disaster in its full force—though he perceived that it must severely cripple the enterprize whose success was so much at his heart—and though he himself speaks of it as “a calamity the length of which he could not foresee,” yet he indulged no vain lamentations, no childish grief on the occasion. He appeared that night at the theatre, and his answer to a friend, who expressed astonishment at the calmness with which he bore his loss, speaks at once

the firmness and manly courage of his character. "What would you have me do?" said he, "would you have me stay at home and weep for what I cannot help?" Throughout the whole period of his incertitude as to the progress of the expedition, (for the communications between Astoria and New-York were "few and far between,") he preserved an unyielding ardour in his exertions, a firm conviction of eventual success. "I always think," said he in a letter to Mr. Hunt, written in March, 1813, up to which period he had received no tidings from the Columbia, since the destruction of the Tonquin, "I always think you are well, and that I shall see you again, which heaven, I hope, will grant." And again: "Our enterprize is grand, and deserves success, and I hope in God it will meet it. If my object was merely gain of money, I should say, think whether it is best to save what we can, and abandon the place; but the very idea is like a dagger to my heart." We shall see in the conclusion how his hopes were blasted, and how the expedition, to which ardour, and courage, and wealth had lent their powerful assistance, failed at the very moment when most was to be hoped for its success.

But "*revenons à nos moutons.*" Let us hasten to the catastrophe, for we have neither time nor space to do more than glance at the interesting events which occupy the remainder of these volumes. In October, 1811, the period had arrived for the departure of the annual vessel contemplated in the original plan of Mr. Astor. He accordingly fitted out a fine ship of four hundred and ninety tons, and freighted her with a valuable cargo, calculated for the traffic in which she was to be engaged. The command of this vessel was given to Capt. Sowle, and he was instructed, after touching at the Sandwich Islands for the purpose of obtaining tidings of the enterprize, to proceed to the mouth of the Columbia, and if an establishment was formed, (for of this circumstance Mr. Astor was as yet ignorant,) to land such parts of his cargo as were intended for it. He was then to depart for New Archangel, and to receive peltries in payment for the supplies which he was to furnish to the Russian post at that place. "With these he was to return to Astoria; take in the furs collected there, and having completed his cargo by trading along the coast, was to proceed to Canton."

These instructions were not literally fulfilled; the Beaver made her voyage successfully to Astoria and to New Archangel, collected a valuable cargo of furs, but on her return instead of stopping at the former place, made sail for the Sandwich Islands, where she underwent the necessary repairs. In February, 1813, she again put to sea, leaving Mr. Hunt, who had taken passage in her at the establishment, on the Island, and bore away for Canton. But here the ignorance and obstinacy of the commander, prevented the pecuniary returns that the voyage should have produced. Though an advantageous offer was made him, for the furs which he had taken in at St. Paul's,—an offer which would have more than reimbursed Mr. Astor for the original outlay—he refused to accept it, and furs beginning soon after to fall in value, he borrowed money on Mr. Astor's account at an enormous interest, and laid the ship up to await the return of peace.

In March, 1813, Mr. Astor despatched another vessel, the sloop Lark, to the establishment. But the same fatality that had attended her predecessors awaited her also. She never reached her destination, but was wrecked on the voyage off the Sandwich Islands.

We shall not further pursue the journals of the enterprize. Grand and deserving of success, as it undoubtedly was, it did not receive its fitting reward. Its history is one too often told of individual exertion unassisted by national patronage. It did not acquire strength in its progress, but owing to the baseness of some and the imprudence or ignorance of others, it became from day to day a losing concern. The furs and peltries collected with so much labour, and so much peril, passed into the hands of the British North-West Company at less than one half of their lowest value; and on the 12th of December, 1814, the fate of Astoria was consummated; the flag of Britain was hoisted on its walls, and formal possession taken by Capt. Black, of the British sloop of war Raccoon. On the return of peace, Astoria, by the treaty of Ghent, reverted to the Americans, but the enterprize of Mr. Astor has not yet been revived.

We have thus briefly glanced at the contents of this interesting work, but we cannot entirely dismiss it without adverting, in justice to ourselves and to our readers, to the few faults which throw a stain upon its beauty. The errors of style inseparable from those books which have not undergone the nine years probation, so prudently recommended by Horace—that is to say, almost all the books that are published in this *age of ink*—have not been avoided by Mr. Irving. The Greek proverb which inculcates the great evil of a great book, *μεγα βιβλιον, μεγα κακον*, is in nothing more demonstrable than in this, that he who writes much must sometimes write incorrectly. Scott, the most voluminous and rapid writer of the present day, and whose novels so far as the management of plot, the description of scenery, the play of character, are excellent, will never stand the test of a critical examination into his writings, nor become like Addison and Goldsmith, who wrote little but wrote well, the model of precision and purity, and strength of style. Bulwer's first works are better written than his last; we speak exclusively of the choice and collocation of the words, and not of the matter or the general management of the subject. Cooper has evidently degenerated in quality as he has increased in quantity; and in the present instance, we defy the acutest searcher into literary analogies, to identify the "*getter up*" of Astoria, with the chaste and classic author of Salmagundi or the Sketch Book.

A writer of Mr. Irving's reputation should be careful to avoid such low and inelegant expressions as the following: "The Canadian *gave out*." ii. 103. "Flush of money." i. 127. "When they have *scud* for some distance." i. 209. "Their term *being expired*." i. 126. The compound perfect participle of the verb *to expire*, which is the one demanded in the text, is *having expired*. The participle here used is the present of the passive verb *to be expired*, and as there is no such verb, there can consequently be no such participle. "Their gunwales *flare* outwards." i. 126. The verb *to flare* as its derivation from the Dutch

flederen imports, signifies to burn with a fluttering light, and is used in no other sense by any English writer. The epithet "game qualities" on the same page, is very well suited to the atmosphere of a prize ring or a cock-pit, and would appear exceedingly appropriate in the report of a boxing match or a cock fight, but is utterly unworthy of a classical writer. "That he does not belie them *will be evidenced* hereafter," i. 110, is an awkward and what is more an ungrammatical construction. The English language does not recognize the verb *to be evidenced*, nor is the coinage of such a word necessary or pardonable, for synonymous terms are by no means uncommon; *to be proved*, *to be shown* or *to be evinced* are just as nervous, and far more euphonious. Equally improper, and for a similar reason, is the use of the verb "*to be instanced*," i. 71.

From an abundance of passages equally cumbrous and inelegant, we select the following, that our readers may form some estimate of the statue from a view of one of its limits. *Ex pede Herculem.*

"At the time when Montreal was the great emporium of the fur trader, one of these freemen of the wilderness *would* suddenly *return* after an absence of many years, among his old friends and comrades. He *would* be greeted as one arisen from the dead, and with the greater welcome, as he returned *flush* of money. A short time however spent in revelry *would* be sufficient to drain his purse and sate him with civilized life, and he *would return* with new relish to the unshackled freedom of the forest."—vol. i. 127.

"Among the parties which arrived was one that had been among the Snake nation stealing horses, and *returned* crowned with success."—vol. i. 223.

In conclusion we especially eschew and reprobate the orthography introduced by Mr. Irving into a certain class of words—those ending in *our*. Throughout the work, we are continually stumbling on such words as neighbor, labor, honor, humor, color, et id genus omne. The establishment of an American orthography, with the avowed intention of producing in time an American language, was first attempted by Joel Barlow,* but has happily never succeeded. Various schemes have also in England been proposed for the modification of our orthography, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when Sir Thomas Smith, secretary of state to that sovereign, published a disquisition on the subject, but they have all fallen still born from the press,—the innovations have never extended beyond the pages of the innovators. The confusion and perplexity that such an alteration would beget, could never be counterbalanced by any advantages it would produce. And as for us, we have already "sins enough" laid at our door for the corruption of the vernacular, without adding to the list.† We are indeed sorry to see Mr. Irving descending from "his high estate," and adding himself to the list of "those ingenious men," as Johnson ironically calls them, "who have endeavored to deserve well of their country by writing honor and labor for honour and labour." "Orthography," says M.

*See the "Columbiad" *passim* for the examples of the American language and the appendix to it, for an essay on the subject.

†One at least would think so when looking at Pickering's "vocabulary," a goodly octavo which contains only such words as have been invented, or to which new significations have been added by American writers and speakers.

Neibuhr, "is sometimes not unimportant; but it is only small people that make a business of it and propose the different changes."*

We should not have troubled the reader with these verbal criticisms if Mr. Irving had not been what he is. The ephemeral writers of our day, who, like mushrooms, spring up in the fertility of its literature, but are unheeded by the collector of its richer flowers; whose fulsome novels are bounded in unenvied popularity to the shelves of the circulating library, or the pillow of the love-sick school-girl; whose books as Porson said of one of his contemporaries "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, *but not before*," may write as they please, "chacun à son style;" we have nothing to do with them—whether they write well or ill, whether they break Priscian's head, or pay due respect to the majesty of syntax; we shall not stop to inquire,

"Non nostrum tantas componere lites."

They are not the men who will be regarded as the exemplars of style, or as specimens of a country's literature. Indeed if Martial be correct,

"Non scribit ille, cujus carmina nemo legit,"

they must be stricken out entirely from the catalogue of authors. But it is to such as Mr. Irving that we are to look for both. Estimated, as he is by foreigners, as the most classical of American writers, he should be eminently cautious that he pollute not his pages with the provincialisms in which we, as all other nations, abound,—the Americanisms with which we have unfortunately too truly been accused of sullyng "the well of English undefiled,"—or the slang and cant, which though extremely gratifying to a rabble, can have no other effect in a well written book, than that of deforming its beauty and disgusting the attic palate which would enjoy the literary feast.

But we have done with the ungrateful subject. Mr. Irving is doubtless among the best of our writers, and his errors are those of inattention and hurry, not of ignorance or want of *taste*. "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus;" there is enough in this work, faulty as it sometimes is, to show that though the fire is negligently made, the fuel that feeds it is good. Antecedent travellers, it is true, have robbed Mr. Irving's subject of much of its novelty, and left him but a trodden path to pursue. Yet there are even here so many well wrought descriptions, so many impassioned scenes and extraordinary recitals, that we willingly pardon the faults for the sake of the beauties;

Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

A. G. M.

*Leiber's Reminiscences.—p. 165.

ODE.

Spirit of the heroic mind!
Thou, that in olden time possesst
The Patriarch Pilgrim's breast,—
Nerved his arm, and filled his soul;—
Spirit, that bade our father's break

Their bondage, and to glory wake,
 Thou, that around their reverend brows the palm and olive twined,
 Freedom, we raise the song to thee:—
 With starry crown, and purple stole,
 Descend, thy banners wide unrol
 And bless a nation's jubilee.

When beneath oppression's yoke
 Our groaning country lay;
 Warmly thro' the night-cloud broke
 Thy cheering smile,
 Chasing the gloom awhile,
 With the glad promise of a brighter day;—
 And, as an earnest of thy truth from Heaven,
 The saviour of our land was given,
 Then burst that radiant blaze of light,
 Which awe-struck nations saw, and trembled at the sight.

Hark! what glad tumult stirs the air!
 The willing goddess hears our prayer.—
 A thousand lips and raptured hearts declare
 The presence of the Deity!—
 Like floods that lift their voice on high,
 Her mighty spirit passes by,
 And as her sons exulting, catch the sound,
 A burst of inspiration swells around.

Now would the ambitious muse his deeds rehearse,
 His high achievements tell;
 In council sapient, and in arms supreme,—
 But lo! with tone perverse,
 Feebly responds the shell.—
 Then dare no more the too aspiring theme!
 For the laurel wreath that bound his brow,
 In the morning of his fame,
 Was not more fresh than the memory now
 Of his loved and honored name.

Oh then let every land,
 By breath of freedom fanned,
 Where'er her sacred altars stand,
 Join the tributary lay,
 To hymn exalted worth,
 And greet the returning day,
 That gave a *Washington, a Nation's Rescue*, birth.

Auspicious day!
 To meet thy earliest light,
 The exulting Eagle soars above the night;
 Our snow crowned mountains glitter in thy ray,
 Our forests shake their hoary locks with glee,
 And every freeborn bosom beats triumphantly.
 E'en prattling childhood lisps the well known name,
 Our tears and blessings consecrate his urn;
 And young ambition emulates his fame,
 And feels with high desires his spirit burn.
 Ennobling flame! long may its generous fire
 The Hero's, Statesman's, Patriot's breast inspire;
 And still from soul to soul the vital warmth extend,
 Till every freeman prove like him,—His country's friend.

B. R. C.

THE BULL FIGHT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL FROM AN ITALIAN NOVEL.

THE company having returned to Barletta, dismounted at the castle. The new guests took possession of the best apartments, and unfettered by restraint, each prepared for the chase, and the games which were to take place during the day.

A portion of the square was fenced in, and surrounded by wooden balconies, ornamented as much as possible, with certain enclosures, in which had been kept, for many days, the bulls and wild buffaloes, destined for the fight then so much in vogue among the Italians, and in which the first nobles did not disdain to take a part. In this same place, which was clean and well furnished, the games were to be pursued; it was already filled with people from all parts, and the roofs, the windows and every elevated place, crowded with spectators. The enclosure being swept, the sergeants and servants, dressed in doublets of different colours, awaited the arrival of Gonsalvo.

He soon came with his followers, having at his right hand the Duke de Nemours, and at his left, Donna Elvira. Going around the field, they dismounted at one side near a balcony, larger and better arranged than the others, amidst the bravoos and cheers which the people readily give to the show of brilliant dresses of gold or any other finery. They seated themselves, and the sign was given to let loose the first bull.

The murmur of the crowd, and the disputes, which, on such occasions, arise among the spectators for the right of occupying the best places, ceased at the opening of the enclosure. A large bull, with neck and head entirely black, and grey behind, sprang into the arena. Lashing his tail, he leaped frantically about, till seeing that there was no escape from the place, he stopped, rolling his bloody eyes suspiciously around, and scattering the sand with his feet.

Zoraida, in the mean time, who from the place procured for her by the successful exertions of Fanculla, saw perfectly the whole ampitheatre, looking around, fixed her eyes on the balcony in front, where Hector, among the first nobles, was seated next to Donna Elvira, endeavouring to entertain her, and, by his courtesy, to show himself worthy of being her chosen cavalier for the day. The young Spanish girl, warm hearted, and of a fervid fancy, yet lively in temper, wished perhaps to attribute these attentions to a cause, which flattered alike her pride and her heart. Their dialogue was closely observed by two females, who although at different distances, and with dissimilar sentiments, lost not a movement of it. One was Zoraida, who, although too far to hear their conversation, watched with eager attention every gesture, endeavouring to discover whether the daughter of Gonsalvo entertained a tender sentiment for the brave Italian or if she regarded him only with courteous good will. She could not judge of the nature of Fieramoscas' attentions, but a heart enamoured as her's, is ever used to tremble at a shadow.

The other was Victoria di Colonna, who from experience, knew very well that the young Elvira was not discreet enough to guard her heart against the attractions of a fine face and sweet words. She felt for her a true and deep affection, and one might read in the earnest brow and penetrating glance of the daughter of Fabricio, that she beheld unwillingly their growing intimacy and feared for its consequences.

The first bull which entered into the arena had been abandoned to the multitude; many had tried to conquer it, with various success, but without being able to obtain the victory. From a balcony on one side, where with the French Barons were many Spaniards and Italians, came at last Diego Garcia, who had been entreated by them to give proof of his dexterity in this combat.

The ability of the *matador* (the slayer of the bull) consists now in Spain, in knowing how to thrust the sword into the vertebre of the neck while the animal lowers his head to gore his adversary; but at the period of our tale, when the custom of using heavy arms strengthened the limbs, it was considered the better blow, to separate quite the head of the bull with one stroke, and he who united sufficient force with much skill often succeeded. Paredes entered into the arena with his good sword in both hands resting on his left shoulder, dressed in buffalo skin, with his head uncovered. Seeing that the bull was already wounded, and had lost much blood, he beckoned to the servants to send forth a fresh one. The chain was drawn around the first, and he was conducted away: the enclosure opened and another came out, large and of a more ferocious aspect. Coming out of the darkness into the air, provoked and incensed, he rushed around the amphitheatre as usual, till having seen his antagonist, he stopped opposite him, bellowing with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and throwing with his feet the sand over his whole body. Garcia's strength was great, still he was in great danger. With an animal, provided by nature with such terrible weapons of defence, with a neck so thick and brawny, the Spaniard saw that he must work with caution. He raised with both hands his sword from his left shoulder, beating the ground with his right foot, and crying ah! ah! The bull having lowered his horns, threw himself on his enemy, who, as soon as he was within reach, sprang to one side, bringing down his sword with such force and success, that the head rolled on the ground, the body making two or three steps before falling.

A general burst of applause greeted Diego Garcia, as he returned to seat himself among his comrades. The French cavaliers not being used to this kind of spectacle, seeing with what facility the Spaniard cut off the head, thought it no difficult matter. As they were men in the flower of their youth and strength, and well versed in the use of arms, they presumed themselves able to do the same. And he who said the most was La Motta, who, as we have seen, was a prisoner of Garcia's, proud by nature, and ever bearing an envenomed tongue. The cause of his spleen was not alleged ill usage, but mortification at having been worsted, and at seeing one above him, whom he had been accustomed to consider as an inferior.

He praised the blow of Garcia, to avoid seeming envious or discourteous, but with a face which the French to this day call *suffisant*, to de-

fine which, the Italians have no word, said to him, standing upright, with a lofty air, and as usual with him, without turning to the person whom he addressed, "Bravo, Don Diego, well cut by our Lady," then turning to his French companion nearest him, added with a smile, "It is a great pity the bull had not a coat of mail: the success would have been on his side."

Paredes understood it, and sprang up saying, "Voto a Dios, I would like to see if this French dog has teeth as long as his tongue." He approached La Motta saying:

"How many ducats of gold would you pay to see me cut off the head of a bull, armed with a coat of mail? You could not cut it off naked! And yet, without speaking of ducats, for I would not have it said, that Diego Garcia thought of being paid like a *torero*,—the honor of it is enough, and he will see if you can imitate his blow, as well as deride it."

This challenge was little pleasing to La Motta, and he bit his lip for having provoked it, not from cowardice, for he was a true and brave knight, but having never yet undertaken such a combat, he knew not well in what manner to conduct it. But he could not do less than accept it; in the presence of such a company, he must encounter all hazards. He answered boldly:

"For a French cavalier, it would be no shame certainly, to refuse to enter the lists with a bull; but it shall never be said that Guy De la Motta refused to strike a blow with his sword in any cause whatever. To the proof"—he arose muttering—"Dog of a Spaniard, had I thee on ten feet of good ground, instead of thy beast!"

Having diligently observed, and well understood the manner in which Garcia had accomplished his blow with such success, young, a soldier and a Frenchman, could he distrust himself?

At this challenge so novel in its nature, the youths of the assembly rose up with clamor; in the balcony of Gonsalva a movement and murmur were noted. The cause soon known spread throughout the amphitheatre, and was received with applause and delight. It was true that in passing from mouth to mouth, the news suffered strange transformations, so much the more strange as they were invented by the lower classes. The place where Zoraida sat, being the most distant from the balcony of Gonsalvo, was precisely the spot where the news came the most disfigured by the different sides. The more distant endeavouring to learn from the nearest, there was a waving of heads and turning of faces, from which alone one might have known what progress the intelligence was making among the spectators. Genaro for a time was on his feet, stretching his neck, and waiting with impatience to learn something of the affair; he, Zoraida and her neighbours, had seen the tumult in the balcony occupied by the cavaliers and the chiefs; had then seen the knights go forth scattering themselves in groups, throughout the arena; the festival appeared interrupted; no bull was turned out, and some asked others, "What had happened? What was to be done?" always without obtaining an answer. At last some one said they are going to have the fight between the Italians and French

on the field* "Oh Giusto!" said another, "Do you not see that Fieramosca is glued to the balcony, and how he talks to that young girl? it appears that he thinks of any thing but fighting." Zoraida heard and sighed. A third turned from another side. They say that the French captain has challenged Gonsalvo, and he who kills the bull shall be considered the victor in the war, a governor of the kingdom." In the mean while, several men busied themselves in the enclosure, and prepared to let out another bull. Diego Garcia was seen with his sword on his shoulder, and surrounded by many who appeared to be persuading him to something. On his animated countenance, which appeared over all, was read unchangeable resolution to fulfil what he had promised. At a little distance La Motta stood also, with his Frenchmen around him.

All was quiet when the sergeants, guided by Fanculla, cleared the field, in which remained alone and immovable, the tall Spaniard with his sword upon his shoulder.

For this second assault, knowing how difficult it was to come off with honor, in spite of his herculean strength, since to fight a bull with its neck armed with a coat of mail, was an undertaking, to say the least of it, very rash,—he had provided himself with another sword, stronger than the first, and used only in assaulting or defending trenches. He adjusted and proved the blade and refreshed himself in haste, drinking off a good flask of Spanish wine, in which preparation he spent the time occupied by the rest in covering the neck of the bull with his armor. This coat of mail, the sleeves of which covered the horns, was closed under the neck, the collar falling over the face. Those who are used to hunt these animals, can easily manage them by hiding in an obscure place, and throwing a cable or rope around their horns.

At the sound of the trumpet, and all the other instruments, a herald with a coat of yellow and red, came forward; on his breast and back were seen the arms of Spain, and making a sign with his staff for silence, he said with a loud voice:

"On the part of his Catholic majesty Ferdinand, king of Castile and Leon, of the kingdom of Grenada, the West Indies, &c. &c. Don Gonsalvo, surnamed Cavalier of the order of St. Jago, Captain Governor for his Catholic Majesty, forbids all here present, under pain of two strokes of the rope, and likewise more at his pleasure, to disturb by cries, signs or in any other way, the combat which is to take place between the armed bull and the illustrious and magnificent cavalier Don Diego, Maurique of Lara, count of Paredes!"

All the trumpets answered; and the spectators of every class, some from courtesy, knowing that the life of the brave Spaniard depended upon one or more steps of the bull, and others from fear of the lash, remained immovable, and in such silence that at the opening of the enclosure, the noise of the bolt was the only sound heard in the midst of the crowd, from one side to the other of the amphi theatre. The bull rushed out, but not with the fury of the others; he was of smaller make,

* The "challenge of Barletta," between the French and Italians, and the combat that took place in consequence, form prominent incidents in this novel.

short and entirely black, he stopped ten paces from Don Garcia and began gazing at him, lashing himself with his tail, and throwing the sand in the air. His adversary with sword in hand, was all attention, knowing that if the first blow failed, it might prove fatal to himself. The beast at length moved slowly at first, then lowering his head with a roar, he rushed upon Garcia.

The Spaniard in expectation apparently of equal success in this blow, avoiding the attack, brought down his sword with amazing force, but whether the blow was inaccurately aimed, or turned aside in its descent by a movement of the bull, the blade rebounded from the iron mail, and the animal turned with such fury, that to protect himself, Garcia had scarcely time to plant his sword in the forehead of his adversary, which was defended by the steel collar. Here was shown all the strength of Parede. His feet firmly fixed on the ground, his weapon held in both hands, with the hilt at his breast, and the point fixed in the bull's forehead, the muscles of his limbs were seen to swell and quiver, as well as the veins of his neck and face; his brow became flushed, then of a deep purple hue, and his lower lip was compressed till the blood covered his chin.

The bull, as if perceiving the hopelessness of the assault, stopped, and collecting his strength, sprang with greater fury on his adversary. The knight who felt inexpressible mortification at his failure in the first instance, casting a hasty glance at the balconies, caught a glimpse of La Motta, whose countenance wore a smile of derision; this sight, by rousing him to immeasured fury, inspired new strength, and lifting his sword he brought it down with such fury upon the neck of his foe, as would have cleft it, had it been of bronze. The blow, given hastily, descended somewhat awry. It severed first one horn as if it had been a bulrush, then the mail and the joints of the neck, without passing quite through; consequently the head, though hanging down in the dust, still remained attached to the body.

At this incredible exploit there rose a universal shout of applause, so sudden and loud, that it seemed a burst of thunder. Paredes dropped his sword at his feet, stood for a few moments out of breath, and the crimson of his face for a brief instant was succeeded by a deadly paleness. His friends soon crowded about him, some gazed on him, some examined his blade, others the gaping wound and the neatness of the dismemberment, while all the musicians about the arena played airs of victory.

NOVEL REVENGE.

SIR JOHN HEATHCOTE, a Cantab, and lessee of Lincoln church, being refused a renewal of the same on his own terms, by the Prebend, Dr. Cobden, of St. John's College, Cambridge, upon accepting the Prebend's terms, appointed his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, to be one of the lives included in the lease, observing, "I will nominate one for whom the dog shall be obliged to pray in the daytime, wishing him dead at night."

CHOLERA.

So much has been written upon Cholera—and so ably written by medical gentlemen in different cities where it has occurred, that certainly nothing new can be expected to be advanced. I am only induced to intrude upon your readers' attention, in consequence of two articles which have already appeared in your Journal. I propose on the present occasion, after giving a very brief description of its origin and spread, to inquire into the question which has been much agitated, and on which some doubt exists of its contagious or non-contagious character. I shall endeavor in a condensed form, to review the facts and arguments on both sides, and offer some comments upon them. The Cholera, like many other epidemic pestilences which have afflicted the greater portion of the human race, first made its appearance in Asia. Thus plague, small pox and dengue—a singular disorder, first commenced in that region of the earth, and then spread to other countries. These visitations of awful epidemics have, in successive ages, like the convulsion of the elements, and as erratic in their visitations, suddenly affected whole communities, and have been appalling from their destructive effects. The mortality from some of these epidemics was frightful, as the following interesting facts from the work of Scoulteten will shew.*

"M. De Zach," he says, "has mentioned some curious details of the plague, which in the fourteenth century ravaged every part of Europe." This disease seems to have been introduced into Muscovy by the Mongols and the Tartar hords of Asia, who conquered and subdued Russia. In 1351, it extended through the whole country—the mortality was frightful and general; the cities and the country were depopulated. In the city of Pleskou, where the epidemic raged, three times thirty dead bodies were laid each night at the doors of the churches. In 1364, only fifteen inhabitants remained in the city of Smolensk, where the population had been immense; and in Gluchow and Balesow, not a soul. Novogorood Kason and Twer Moscow, were depopulated. But Russia was not the only focus for this epidemic. It extended into Turkey, Germany, Swedn, France, England, Italy; finally in all parts of Europe, millions of men perished. In Germany 1,200,000 died. At Basle in a single year 12,000. In Switzerland one-third of the population perished.

In Strasburg, 26,000 persons were buried in one year. At Vienna, for six months, 900 to 1000 were buried each day. At Lubec 1800. At Erfort 2000 daily. At Munster and Osnaburg there were no living to inter the dead.

In London it prevailed with great violence and mortality, 50,000 souls being interred in one cemetery in the course of a year. Epidemics of this fearful and appalling character, likewise visited Europe in the seventeenth century.

* The elaborate Noah Webster, has written one of the best compilations on epidemics.

It has been stated in a celebrated British Review that upwards of 50,000,000 of souls had fallen a sacrifice to Cholera in Asia. *

In comparing the dreadful mortality of previous epidemics, and the Cholera in Asia with its ravages in Europe and America, we have a pleasing evidence of how much the medical art, associated with Science, has achieved for the amelioration of and the arresting in some degree the horrors and fatality of pestilential diseases. †

Without entering into an inquiry of the previous existence and prevalence of Cholera, interesting it is true, but obscure from the imperfect description of the phenomena of the diseases which were epidemic in some eras of modern times, arising from the imperfect knowledge of the science of medicine, in these respective eras. I will give a succinct history of this disease, as it has occurred and progressed in our own times. Its first appearance it seems, was at Jessore, about sixty-two miles from Calcutta, in 1817; thence it spread in different portions of India. In 1820, it invaded China, and spread there in different directions. In 1823, it appeared at Astrachan on the river Volga, which is on the confines of Europe. Here its progress seems to have been arrested, and it retraced its steps to the regions of country whence it emanated, accompanied with fearful mortality. In 1830 it again appeared at Astrachan, thence crossed the Volga, invaded Russia, spread thence to Poland, Prussia, Austria, Great Britain and Ireland and France, and subsequently Italy, America and Spain. To describe the different cities which it invaded, would be tedious and unnecessary on the present occasion.

It may be proper here, generally to remark, that its irruptions were sudden and often, general in a city, and that it prevailed usually, indeed almost invariably in densely populated cities, or in armies, in low and damp situations, among the poor and intemperate, that it seemed in all its visitations to have been accompanied with some atmospheric changes, producing more or less effect upon all exposed to these changes. Almost all the medical writers concur in these facts, and independent of this, the peculiarities of its visitations, show conclusively, an atmospheric influence, although our imperfect knowledge of meteorology, renders us incapable of ascertaining what these changes were, to produce these extraordinary effects. It cannot be ascribed to intense cold, or intense heat, to moisture or to accumulated filth; to intemperance of diet or irregular habits, to a want of proper regulation of medical police, or a system of Hygiene alone, for the same causes previously for years and years have existed, without producing the same effects. All that we can presume to say therefore, is, that the cause of this, as many of the epidemics which have come like the destroying angel, to strike awe and death among the human race, has as yet eluded, and is probably beyond the attainment of human intellect. Many speculations have been advanced, and it has been a fruitful source for the display of ingenuity and plausible reasoning, but wholly incompatible with philosophic induction. Believing therefore, that its spread is by

* London Quarterly Review.

† It is proper here to state that in India, where European physicians were employed, the mortality was not much greater than in Europe or America.

some atmospheric impurity, which we cannot explain, as we see malaria producing in different circumstances, different diseases, and yet the nature of this malaria, has eluded the analysis of the chemist and the speculations of philosophers, yet we have obtained some important practical knowledge, which is worthy of our attention. It is this, that low and damp situations, accumulated filth, bad diet, irregular habits, imprudence in eating and drinking, materially aggravate and increase the fatality of Cholera, in common with all epidemics, and hence we are instructed to pursue a proper system of medical police, in all communities, where many are congregated together. *

Having made these general remarks, I will now consider the interesting and important question, is Cholera contagious? There never has been an epidemic disease, without producing elaborate arguments, and a vast mass of contradictory testimony, and a great deal as the lawyers call it, of special pleading, in relation to its contagious or non-contagious nature, and the combatants each with self-satisfaction, have congratulated themselves upon their having achieved a victory. Their temporary triumph has frequently depended, pretty much, as with many clever barristers in their cases, more upon their ingenuity and plausibility than upon the soundness of their arguments or justness of the cause. †

I will now bring in a condensed form the arguments of the contagionists and non-contagionists, and offer some comments upon them. The first preliminary step, is to understand what is meant by contagion. It has been by some writers, and I think it a good distinction, divided into palpable and impalpable contagion.

By palpable contagion, we mean, when a disease is communicated by actual contact, as in small pox, vaccine, &c. &c. But diseases may be communicated in another way, thus:—Many persons are confined in a close room or the hold of a ship, where there is not free ventilation. The sick will generate in those confined places an atmosphere, which will create in those exposed to it, a disease similar to what prevails in the sick. Suppose for example, that several persons are confined in the cabin of a ship with yellow fever or cholera. The cabin cannot be ventilated, the air deteriorates from two causes, first, the respiration of the patients exhausts a great portion of the vital air (oxygen,) and exhales a non-vital air, or one deleterious to life, (carbonic

* The following fact I think interesting on this point. In 1831, when Cholera was prevailing in different parts of the United States and Canada, besides strict quarantine regulations, the Board of Health, of which I then had the honor of being chairman, recommended strict attention to diet and cleanliness, which was faithfully attended to by the citizens. Every yard was cleaned and all the out-buildings white-washed. Now in this year, there were a great number of cases of diarrhea and indigestion, and at a meeting of the Medical Society of S. C. when there were from sixteen to twenty members present, I inquired the number of cases of Cholera Morbus they had seen, and it was equal to 120 cases in one month, many of which were very severe. The question here is, could the rigid attention to Medical police and Hygiene in this instance, have prevented the aggravated character of the disease and its further spread?

† One of the greatest difficulties in this investigation, is the discrepancy of evidence, and the want of sufficient proof to substantiate statements, upon which, inferences are drawn. An evil, I regret to say, too common in most speculations on medical subjects.

acid gas). This with a peculiar effluvia, which is constantly exhaled from the body of the sick, will produce an air, which would doubtless create in those exposed to it, either yellow fever or cholera. I have undoubted evidence of these facts,—one in the case of a mate of a ship, who boarded at sea a Spanish brig from Cuba, having some of the officers dead, and others extremely ill with yellow fever, for the purpose of navigating her to Charleston, which he did. Two days after his arrival, he was seized at quarantine with yellow fever, of which he died on the fourth day, puking up freely black vomit. To ascertain whether this man took the disease on board of the Spanish brig or from his own vessel, or the port whence he sailed, I wrote to the health officer of Philadelphia, where the vessel, from whence he came arrived, who assured me, that not one of the crew was sick on her arrival, or had been sick during her voyage, and furthermore I ascertained that no cases of yellow fever existed in the city whence he sailed at the time of his departure. Of Cholera, the brig *Amelia* is an instance, where several men, who went down as wreckers, and some of the guard that were sent to Folly Island, to prevent the passengers or seamen from coming to the city, took the cholera and died. Now, cases of this kind are what some have termed impalpable contagion, and others infection. The writers or advocates of contagion and non-contagion, in the ardour of their discussion, have unfortunately too often confounded these two forms of contagion or communicability of disease. There are few, if any, who I believe advocate the principle, that Cholera is palpably contagious. There are few diseases of an epidemic character, which may not be made impalpably contagious or infectious, and here it is proper to allude to an interesting fact in relation to the changes which have taken place in medical opinion, as regards the contagious or non-contagious character of many diseases. In former times, when the constituent principles of the atmosphere were unknown, and the changes which this air underwent by respiration, it was the custom, to have the rooms of the sick closely shut up, and fresh air was regarded as dangerous, and as likely to produce cold. Hence the aggravated type of all epidemics in those days, and the immense mortality which occurred, and physicians were unanimous in opinion of the contagious character of almost every epidemic. But after the constituent principles of the air were discovered, and the changes they underwent during respiration, a new system of practice began to be established, and free ventilation of the rooms of the sick was found to be salutary, the hospitals, jails, &c. became freely ventilated, and with these vast improvements, we find not only an amelioration in the type of epidemic and other diseases,* a diminution in the mortality, but a disbelief in the contagious

*“The Typhus Gravior of authors,” says D. S. Smith of London, “is extinct, at least I have seen no example of it in London. I have witnessed nothing bearing a tolerable resemblance to it, even as depicted by Cullen, much less, as it is portrayed in the darkly vivid, yet apparently too faithful colouring of Huxam. This malady seems to have disappeared with the epidemic intermittents and dysenteries of the good old times. Whatever may have been the condition of our ancestors, to excite our envy, *there is certainly nothing to provoke it in their diseases.*” For this we are indebted to the causes just assigned.

character of many diseases, of which previously, there seemed not to be a shadow of doubt. This important fact may tend to throw some light on the discrepancy of medical opinion on this subject.

But to recur back to the doctrine of contagion; admitting the principle of the infectious character, under peculiar circumstances, of certain epidemics, and among others Cholera, can the latter be propagated in this manner from city to city, and thence over the greater portion of the civilized world, or is it probable it was thus propagated? I should say no. I think from facts, which I will adduce, that it will be shown, that the infectious virus of cholera, is, at best, extremely feeble, and that the mass of testimony will conclusively prove, that under peculiar aggravating circumstances mentioned, it may produce an infected air, yet, under similar circumstances, almost any disease would produce the same effects. I shall now in a condensed form, bring forward some of the strong evidences relied on by the contagionists and non-contagionists. It has been stated by Jonnes, that Teheran in Persia, the residence of the Shah, was preserved from Cholera by preventing the caravans from passing through it, from 1821 to 1829, when from a neglect of these precautionary measures, the disease broke out in that city. The same author says, that by proper sanitary and non-intercourse measures, as recommended by the Supreme Board of Health of Paris, to the Pacha of Egypt, that country was protected from Cholera. Dr. Hawkins supposes the Cape of Good Hope to have been protected, from a rigid system of quarantine.

The same author states, "that at Caramala Gubeewa, some Russian peasants living together, scarcely one hundred yards from the village, shut up their hamlet on the first report of the disease having appeared in their vicinity, and by establishing a strict quarantine during the prevalence of the epidemic, remained in health. The large establishment composing the Academy of Military Cadets at Moscow, was preserved by a similar plan from a scourge which was so active on all sides."—p. 115.

A great number of examples of a similar character have been adduced, but these prove nothing, they are negative testimonies. It was supposed for example, that Charleston in 1832 was saved by our strict system of Quarantine regulations. As Port Physician, having the whole Quarantine regulations under my control, I must in candour state, that of a great number of vessels, having many passengers from the different ports of America, where Cholera prevailed, subjected to quarantine, not a single case of Cholera occurred, except in the brig *Amelia*, stranded on Folly Island, which I will presently consider; and I am persuaded Charleston was not protected from this cause, and I believe the same to be the case in every place, where the exemption has been ascribed to this cause.

I will now take another view, as to its propagation. In almost every city or place where Cholera has prevailed, it was first accounted for by its introduction and spread by contagion, some rumors always having been circulated, to give a countenance to such an opinion, and yet upon a careful investigation, it is difficult to find a single instance, where it has not been questioned and found to be erroneous. In every

city where it has prevailed, we are informed that there has been some atmospheric change,—that the digestive organs of most persons have been more or less deranged,—that even animals of the lower orders have been affected, (this was particularly observed in Hamburgh,) that it has simultaneously broke out in different parts of a city remote from each other, and it would certainly require a more active contagious virus than we know of, to infect so suddenly, so extensive a surface of atmosphere. Without adverting to European nations, where the most rigid sanitary cordons, sustained by a large military force under absolute power could not arrest it, let us examine what took place in America. When Cholera broke out at Quebec, it was said that it arose, from the arrival of a ship from England, with steerage passengers sick with this disease. But if I remember aright, many physicians from Philadelphia and New-York, who were sent to ascertain the character of the disease, upon investigation, came to an opposite conclusion.

When the disease occurred in New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk, it was ascribed at first to contagion, but upon the most minute and thorough investigation, it could not be traced to this cause. On Savannah river it occurred on several plantations, and there was no evidence of its introduction by contagion, and the supposition that Cholera was introduced into Charleston by contagion, I can positively assert is altogether erroneous.* As far as my reading has extended, and I have taken much pains to ascertain the fact, I know not a single instance, where any thing more than *presumptive* evidence or accidental coincidences have been advanced, in relation to the introduction of Cholera in any city, and its spread by contagion.†

To prove that Cholera might exist as an epidemic, without any traces of contagion, is easy enough. In Charleston, it certainly did not arise from this cause. A striking instance is the following—"The inhabitants of Gateshead," says Dr. Laurie,‡ "fell asleep on the 25th of December, in perfect security and devoid of panic, but before the sun rose on the 26th, fifty-five individuals had been seized, thirty-two of whom were not destined to see it set." Yet I do not deny that contagious disease may exist either through atmospheric or meteorological changes as well as contagion. The most rigid sanitary orders, as already mentioned, sustained by strong military force, were instituted in Russia, Prussia, Austria, France and England, and all without avail.

* My friend Dr Cordes, in an obliging letter, has come to the conclusion, from a coincidence of circumstances, that Cholera was introduced on Santee by a boat from Charleston, and from this cause spread to different plantations. I must confess however, that I cannot come to the same conclusions, although the facts appear strong. The spread of the disease was too rapid and irregular in its visitations on different plantations and at considerable distances, while some which were near, were exempt, to ascribe it to this cause. It was likewise in some places limited in its influence, and on one plantation, a valuable servant died, and the disease did not spread. If the infectious virus was so active, exceeding any known contagious disease, nothing could have arrested its general dissemination. To say sanitary or restrictive measures were adopted, will not answer, when European countries have proved them, under the most favourable circumstances, unavailing.

† This I have shown in a former number.

‡ See Knike on Cholera.

It defied all human exertion. It seemed to ride upon the whirlwind and carried desolation in its train. Here then we have positive evidence of its spread without contagion, and in defiance of all precautionary means. The evidence of its spread by contagion, has been in some instances apparently strong, but even yet questionable; in many altogether presumptive. I may finally here remark, that the majority, I may add the vast majority of physicians in India, Europe and America, do not believe it contagious or propagated by contagion, and their testimony should have some weight.

We will now consider the correlative arguments, and this opens a wide field for ingenious reasoning. It has, say the contagionists, and it is one of their strong arguments, traversed along river courses, and where there has been great commercial intercourse; and hence it is inferred, it has by this means, been propagated to cities. Putting aside the fact, that quarantine regulations, to avoid this evil, have availed nothing. That it has occurred, where no direct intercourse has existed,—what does this prove? Where are densely populated villages and cities, but near rivers or harbours, or having large roads leading to them. Do we ever hear of epidemics like Cholera, prevailing, except in a comparatively dense population, whether it be a city or village, or a smaller village of negro settlements, which we know are sufficiently dense. Where then, could epidemics spread, except through these situations, or in large armies. To say therefore because Cholera has followed these courses, it is contagious, is certainly, although seemingly plausible, not conclusive. All epidemics may, by similar reasoning, be proved contagious.

It has been said, that it has occurred in certain houses, and successively attacked different members, but this may as well and better be ascribed to peculiar local causes, than to contagion. And there are abundant evidences of the reverse of this fact:—It is stated in the India reports among other testimonies, that a sepoy boy died of Cholera. Five of the corps who had shown no signs of illness, and who buried him, were all seized during the ensuing night and all died. This has been regarded as an important fact, but this does not prove contagious, more than atmospheric influence. In what other disease have we ever known contagion to act so rapidly? It always takes a longer time to develope. The men doubtless would have sickened and died, whether they had interred the boy or not, and how many hundreds of cases of a similar kind might be adduced, where no injury resulted to the parties.

In an elaborate article in the Foreign Quarterly Review, we find the following:—"One able writer remarks, as an acknowledged and proved fact, that by an overwhelming majority of the British medical officers, who have witnessed epidemic Cholera in the East Indies,—this disease is not considered to be of contagious or infectious nature. A few incidents occurred which excited suspicions in the observers, that it might really, after all, possess this property, but scarcely a single person had advocated the doctrine of contagion with any earnestness." The same writer afterwards states, that the almost unanimous and earnest recommendation of British practitioners, was not to consider the

Cholera contagious." This the reviewer regards as gross mistatement, yet directly afterwards he gravely asserts—"It is true that a majority of surgeons and assistant surgeons, who sent reports to their respective Medical Boards, state that they do not believe the disease infectious." He then adduces instances to prove its contagion, similar to what I have already advanced. This writer has likewise inferred, that because wherever Cholera has prevailed, the great characteristics of the disease is uniform, that it must arise from a special cause, and that it is more than probable it is produced from a particular infection or poison. If such reasons as this are admitted as legitimate, all diseases may be proved contagious.

It is unnecessary to proceed further on this point. I will now advert to the views of the non-contagonists in a condensed form.

It is said, that many persons have been exposed to the sick, have nursed them, and have not taken the disease. This would seem to be a strong argument, but it is not conclusive. Cholera must be either from atmospheric or contagious influence, and the individuals receiving it from neither source only prove their insusceptibility, or a power in their systems to resist the morbid impressions. Still it is decidedly more favorable to the non-contagonists. The strongest argument against its contagious influence and its very feeble infectious power, is the innumerable testimonies of armies and individuals having been removed from low, and damp situations, the sick and the well together, and the disease having been arrested. If it were contagious or infectious to any degree, this should not happen. For if the infection was strong, or if it assumed any of the morbid characters of those diseases which are propagated by contagion, as Measles, Small Pox, &c. &c., how could we account for the disease being suddenly arrested, when the subjects were removed from one situation to another. This fact alone, would prove, I should think, conclusive that the disease could not be propagated by contagion or infection, and that it is only infectious under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. I will conclude my remarks on this subject, with the relation of a striking circumstance which took place near our city, which I have already alluded to. The brig *Amelia*, from New York bound to New Orleans, having a great many steerage passengers, encountered a heavy gale; the hatches were shut over those passengers, closely huddled, for some days. The air was thus rendered excessively impure; the unhappy individuals could not cook any thing to eat. Under these aggravating and distressing circumstances, the passengers, having been previously in a city where Cholera was raging, the disease broke out among them. The vessel was stranded on Folly Island, about 20 miles from Charleston. The passengers, well and sick, in a comfortless situation, were landed on the beach. Several wreckers prowling around the wreck, and some of the guard sent down to prevent the passengers from coming to Charleston, took the Cholera, of which they died. But as soon as the vessel and her cargo were burnt, which was done by the order of Council, the disease became arrested; and none who were afterwards exposed took the disease. Here now we observe, as soon as the materiel creating an infectious disease was destroyed, the patients affected could not pro-

pagate the disease but it ceased with them. Again, one of the wreckers came up to the city, having eluded the most vigilant quarantine restrictions; many persons saw him and attended on him while under the effects of Cholera, of which he died, yet not a single person thus exposed took the disease.

From all that has been said, I am lead to the following conclusions:

1st. That Cholera is not strictly contagious.

2dly. That under peculiar circumstances it may be considered infectious, as I have already shewn, but cannot be thus to any extent propagated, and we have abundant evidence that no danger can result from attendance upon the sick, provided the room is not too crowded and is properly ventilated.

There are a few practical observations which I will in conclusion offer.

It is first, of great importance to remove all persons, when Cholera prevails, from low and damp situations to such as are high and dry, and furthermore they should, when practicable, be removed far apart, and very few be allowed to remain in the same dwellings; as accumulation of filth is always an active, exciting cause.

2dly. The diet should be attended to. This should be wholesome and plain. The water should be as pure as possible. On plantations the food ought to be prepared by a cook appointed; and the habit, to which all negroes are given, of eating most at night should, if possible, be avoided. In the majority of cases to which I was called to of Cholera among negroes, it was early in the morning—the effect of late suppers.

3dly. The body should be kept warm, and woollen or flannel ought to be applied next to the skin; and a proper and responsible agent should be appointed to inquire into the condition of the bowels—as a diarrhoea or lax oftentimes for some days occurs, previous to the development of Cholera.

Of the medical treatment I shall offer a few remarks, which may be useful to such as cannot obtain medical aid.

The first and essential point is to watch the condition of the bowels. Whenever frequent evacuations occur this must be arrested as soon as possible. These evacuations are the evidence of an incipient irritation in the intestines, and as this irritation increases, we find the liver and kidneys cease to secrete. The equilibrium of the abdominal circulation is here lost, and the focus of irritation is in the mucous membrane of the intestines. If this increases, the evacuations change. The skin now becomes affected, as is observed by a coldness of surface and a clammy perspiration, and if this condition of things is not quickly arrested, the serum of the blood will separate from the crassamentum or coagulable portion. The sero-mucous fluid, resembling rice water gruel, will take place; cogestion in the vessels, collapse, and ultimately death.

It is then in the first stage, that we should endeavour to arrest the further progress of the disease.

To accomplish this a great many prescriptions have been recommended. The following has been the plan which I have adopted: Mustered poultices or plasters are applied over the whole abdomen, to

excite a general action on the skin and lessen the focus of irritation on the bowels. I then prescribe two grains of calomel, half a grain of opium, one grain of camphor every one or two hours, until the patient feels relief. The opium quiets the irritation, and the calomel promotes the secretion of the liver, which is always a favorable symptom in Cholera; and in this manner diminishes action on the intestines. As soon as bile is secreted, a dose of castor oil and a tea spoon full of spirits of turpentine in fifteen or twenty drops of laudenum, should be given. It is too often the case that individuals neglect to take notice of the first stage, and do not complain until the second stage—or the premonitory symptoms have been wanting and the attack has been sudden. In this state we generally find the patient suffering from nausea and vomiting, with frequent dejections, resembling rice gruel, without any pain.—Spasms are felt in the abdomen and the extremities. The muscles begin to be rigid, and in their contraction give great pain. The surface of the skin is cold, and has partially lost its elasticity, or in other words its vitality. If pinched up, it will remain in that state; and the hands and feet will be corrugated exactly as if they had been for a length of time immersed in water. The countenance is completely altered, the volume having been lost—the muscles are much contracted—the eyes sink in the sockets and have a vacant stare. The voice is deep and sonorous, and completely altered,—the tongue is cold,—the thirst intense,—considerable restlessness supervenes,—the pulse is small and threadlike. These symptoms gradually increase if not arrested; congestions taking place in the different organs, interrupting their functions, and a complete collapse, the precursor of death. When vomiting occurs, an emetic of a tea spoonful of mustard in a tumbler of hot water, will be found highly advantageous. It will act upon the sentient extremities of the mucous membrane of the stomach, excite capillary action and prevent congestions; and likewise throw off a great deal of vitiated secretion. Hot mustard poultices or plasters should be applied over the abdomen and on the extremities. The patient should be well covered with blankets, and a large number of hot bricks or bottles of hot water be applied. It is of the utmost importance to keep up the animal temperature, and thus external heat of any kind is valuable. Several children and boys I cured in this stage, by immersing them in a hot bath of 110° , with mustard, and keeping them in for some time, and when taken out wrapping them up in warm blankets and surrounding them with bottles of hot water. Injections of starch and laudanum should be given; and after the mustard emetic, and the remedies just prescribed, I have given one grain of piperine or two grains of cayenne pepper, four grains of calomel, and one grain of opium, every hour. If the opium begins to affect the head it is omitted, as it has oftentimes arrested the disease it is true, but ultimately destroyed the patient. A mixture of the following kind I have likewise, in some instances, in addition, given every hour at intervals with the pills of every half hour:—twenty drops of spirits of camphor, fifteen drops of sulphuric ether, thirty drops of spirit ether nitrosi, in a wine glass of cinnamon tea or mint water.

The thirst in this stage is intense, but all fluids as far as possible

must be avoided. If ice can be obtained, small lumps may be placed in the mouth, but much water or any fluid will re-produce irritability of stomach and vomiting. When we find bile evacuated, and the urine increased, the temperature of skin and tongue augmented, the perspiration lessened and warm, the pulse, more full in volume, free in action and less compressible, we may regard the patient as in a convalescent state. The functions of the different organs begins again to be performed. Febrile symptoms are now very apt to supervene, and this must be particularly attended to, or inflammation of some of the organs and especially the brain may ensue.

I have not in this short sketch said any thing of frictions or bleeding. Frictions when used, should be of mustard, cayenne pepper, or some stimulating ingredient, but it is an error to place them in ardent spirits, for here evaporation takes place rapidly, which is a cooling process, and diminishes in place of augmenting animal temperature, and I have seen much harm in this manner done. I prefer decidedly hot watered baths, mustard poultices with cayenne pepper, and bottles of hot water or bricks around the body. Of bleeding, I have only to say, I never adopted it, and I think I was somewhat successful, but it has been spoken of in high terms by physicians of eminence. Without making any comments on this practice, I should unhesitatingly advise none but physicians to bleed.

When we find the patient with the symptoms I have previously described, and likewise without any pulse, we may calculate upon a fatal termination. I have never seen a case recover. I have for a time brought back the pulse, but with the first rice water gruel evacuations it has again sunk.

The large portion of your Journal which I have occupied, admonishes me to conclude my observations on the treatment. This has been necessarily brief, and confined to a few practical remarks, as it is intended not for the medical profession, but the planters, of whom many are subscribers to this Journal.

THOS. Y. SIMONS, M. D.

SONNET.

At noon I lay beneath an aspen's shade,
Pleased to elude the sun's intenser heat:
Bright were the green leaves clustering at my feet,
And quick the sun-beams that among them played;—
Flowers all around among the green were laid;—
Daisies and violets of heavenly hue,
And slumbering vines above them graceful grew.
There as I mused, a *lizard* all arrayed
In shining green, crept out:—I shrank away
With keen dislike; but when I saw him bask
Among the yielding leaves and flowers, while they
Gave out their hues as 'twere a gladsome task,
A voice within me whispering, seemed to say
Love is of God:—He gives to all that ask.

W.

IN PRAISE OF FOLIOS.

THE first volume of Lewis Ellies Dupin lying open before me, I turned from the perusal of a brief sketch of the life of Origen, and began to speculate on the changes which the fashion of books has undergone since the discovery of the art of printing,—nearly as various, I assure my readers, as the fashions of ladies' robes, head dresses and slippers. I have seen some of the books that were written before that time. They were executed in the old Roman text upon parchment, and were in a fine state of preservation. But what a labor! A single volume must have tasked the powers of the most accomplished scribe. Conceive of a library of a hundred thousand volumes, composed of works prepared at such an immense expense of time and labor, and then reflect on the facilities which genius has added to the useful arts in modern times. The handsomest specimens of ancient works that I have seen, were bound in parchment in a strong, durable style. Leather next succeeded, and cloth, the least durable of all, is now generally used. The most popular form of books at the commencement of the printing era was the folio. The old divines, ecclesiastical historians, philosophers and political writers chose this form, probably as being the most dignified and respectable. Then came the quarto, a thick square volume, next the octavo, longer than it is broad, and finally the duodecimo, a small, oblong book, such as is generally used in schools. It might be interesting to inquire into the causes which led to these changes in the forms of books in different periods. It is a subject, I believe, that has never been discussed, and I am sorry that it is impossible to arrive at the exact truth in respect to it. Conjecture and imagination must supply the place of more accurate and philosophical deductions. It is highly probable that economy led to the adoption of the folio. A learned man might embody nearly all the bright thoughts that he ever conceived in a large folio, and a long and large sized book might be preferred as affording some indication of a long head. The old writers were very diffuse, wrote down every thing that they knew on every subject, and the folio afforded them the widest and best field in which to expatiate and pour themselves forth *ad libitum*. For my own part, I prefer the folio to any other form. I like to write on a folio sheet. It has a length and a breadth that are exceedingly convenient. A lady sent me a few months since a quarto page, on which to write something. I tried in vain to concentrate my ideas. I cannot write a little on any subject. My thoughts are like gold, malleable;—they can be beat out so as to cover a large surface and present a brilliant appearance at least to the eye. If they dazzle,—if they are not dull, no one inquires whether or not they are profound. Most people look only at the outside of things. If their eyes and ears are pleased, it is enough. Analysis, an induction from particulars, profound reasoning, logic, &c. are but lightly esteemed. In my literary pursuits, sir, I wish to have every thing on a liberal scale. I like to study in a large room, where there are many windows and much light. I like to read from a large book, to sit at a large table, to write on a

large sheet, and to write a great deal. Every thing around me must correspond with these liberal arrangements and excite noble and comprehensive ideas.

I am something of a royalist in politics. I think the natural tendency of all societies is, to a monarchy. Even this republic is fast verging that way, and I am glad of it. The natural, inevitable and marked distinctions of the human race are not represented under our government. Prate as men may of equal rights, some men must be nobles and others plebeians in every commonwealth. If I cannot be king, I wish to be prime minister, and I wish my child, who comes after me, may inherit a title.—I am therefore attached to royalty, and to whatever resembles it, and in literature I think the folio shadows forth something of kingly power. My political predilections, therefore, incline me to lean in favor of this form. There is something truly noble and majestic in a tall upright folio. It betokens rank. There is no cringing in it to the low vulgar standard,—the common level. There it stands erect, like the human form, and soaring upward like the soul of man. It is not like the smaller sized volumes that are now-a-days in every one's hands. It avoids vulgar contact. I have been much pleased with the arrangement that prevails in most libraries that I have recently visited. The folios are invariably placed upon the lowest shelves, as forming a suitable foundation in literature, next the quartos, then the octavos, and so on, the shorter and lighter volumes rising in regular rotation above those of a heavier calibre. Architects, who have a true idea of the beautiful in proportion, proceed on the same principle. The most durable material, the solid granite, is placed at the foundation, upon which a slighter and more evanescent structure of wood is erected, and the ponderous pillars are wrought out of the hardest and finest marble.

It has been said that the modern volumes are more convenient for circulation,—that a traveller can now very easily pack up his library in his trunk and carry it about with him, and that the old folios and quartos are by far too unwieldy for popular use. To this it may be replied, that the smaller volumes do well enough for fugitive writings, such as novels and other trash of the day, but the standard works of the age should have a substantial body to them. The folio is the proper form. It is like truth, something fixed and permanent, and cannot easily be moved. It is weighty, like those good arguments that overpower by their force a weak opponent. I am so much pleased with the folio, that I shall transmit my own writings to posterity in this form. I am glad to see that the folio, after having been long laid upon the shelf, is again coming into fashion. Mr. Audubon's splendid work has led the way, and we just begin to perceive that our predecessors of the sixteenth century had a very correct judgment in these matters. Recollect, Messrs. HARPER,—the folio for standard works,—for works that are intended to last, and bear up manfully against the shock of time! The smaller sizes will answer for smaller productions,—for such as contain ephemeral opinions. The folio, towering proudly above its companions, should indicate the highest grade of mental power and attainment.

And you, Dr. Lewis Ellies Dupin, who have selected the proper form for your immortal writings, occupying, as you do, the middle ground between Catholics and Protestants, proscribed by the former and unacknowledged by the latter, I entertain for you the respect that is due to profound learning, great talents and manly independence of thought. In your sketches of the Early Fathers and of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church, and of ecclesiastical councils and decrees, I see much to admire. So did Mosheim. So have most ecclesiastical historians. There is a mine of wealth in your pages, from which modern writers have culled whatever of sterling merit appears in their works. I shall never forget the day when I purchased your books. They were brought to my house by a wandering pedlar, who, not knowing their value, sold them for a few dollars. My passion for folios was not as great then as it has been since, but you have made me admire them. Your method is excellent; your subdivisions are lucid; your homilies contain a fund of wisdom. You have made me acquainted with many illustrious sages who are worthy of imitation for their piety and their labors. Others have copied your portraits, but none have come up to them in life, spirit and accuracy of resemblance.

I may say the same of most of the old writers who have transmitted their opinions to posterity in this form. They are full of thought. Their authors investigated their subjects thoroughly, and covered nearly the whole ground by their speculations. They occupy the place of authorities, and the moderns are willing to shine with the light reflected from their pages. They were pioneers in all the paths of literature and science. All that we nowadays can do is to copy, imitate or combine in our books the materials with which they furnished us. It is true we occasionally get patents for small inventions. We eulogize the spirit of the age. We talk of the vast improvements of our times and ridicule those that went before us. We cannot tolerate an old author, or an old book. We throw them aside as we do old clothes. We call for the last work that has appeared. We demand fashionable productions. But let authors tell the truth. The old musty tomes, that we affect to despise, are our principal aliment, our most substantial food. We study them by day and meditate on them by night. We cook them in every fashion, and then we cry out "something new!"

I was a little surprised the other day, when looking into one of these venerable relics of antiquity, to find one of the most profound and able arguments in all Paley's *System of Moral Philosophy*. The ethical Doctor had copied it nearly word for word, and palmed it upon the world as his own handi-work. Should not this practice convict him of "an intention to deceive?" or shall we be content to place it among his "white lies?" On another occasion I was carried up three pair of stairs and ushered into the study of a modern divine. Several folios lay open upon his table, one of which he was diligently perusing. The inkstand was placed a little to his right, a pen graced his delicate fingers, and the paper was spread out before him. He received me with a complacent smile. His blooming cheek assumed no deeper hue, and I was induced to believe, that he was engaged in his ordinary occupation, though the unbidden thought certainly intruded itself that I was

let into the secret of the *modus operandi* by which popular divines manufacture their sermons. The next Sunday he edified his congregation by a very profound and eloquent discourse. The last summer when I was in ———, I learned that the little man had received a doctorate from ——— University. Did he get it, thought I, on account of his talents or scholarship, or was he indebted for it to the folios? I know he could write tolerable English, but I shrewdly suspect he was indebted for the foundation of his fame principally to the folios,—to the rich, the precious folios.

I am reminded by this circumstance of another that “speaks volumes” in behalf of my favorite books. A young preacher in London was once addressing a thronged audience in a discourse that exhibited evidence of very great versatility of talent as well as of composition. At one time he was pathetic, at another argumentative; now his sentences were involved; now they were frittered into short, pithy maxims, like Bonaparte’s speeches, or the sermons of Dr. Channing. Sometimes he would indulge in figures of rhetoric, and his paragraphs would seem to be blooming all over like a flower garden, in the style of Hervey; again they would lose their rosy hue, and sink into the sententiousness and brevity of Swift. He had not advanced far in this manner, when he was greatly annoyed by an unwelcome hearer, who chose to make singular remarks as he proceeded in his sermon. At the conclusion of a very brilliant apostrophe, this individual interrupted the audience and the speaker, by crying out aloud, “that’s Bishop Atterbury’s!” at the end of another fine passage, “that’s Jeremy Taylor’s!”—at the winding up of a third, “that’s John Locke’s!”—of a fourth, “that’s Dr. Tillotson’s!” and so on, at the conclusion of each passage, naming the distinguished divine from whom the juvenile upstart had purloined his treasures. The latter, clergyman though he was, would occasionally look down upon the intruder with an angry scowl, until at length, excessively disturbed by these frequent interruptions, he cried out in a dreadful passion, “Tything man! tything man! remove that there person (pointing him out) who does nothing but disturb the audience!” “That’s your own!” responded the other. The whole congregation was now convulsed with laughter. The young orator stood aghast, as if he had seen an apparition; he trembled in every limb, and, from excess of shame and terror, was soon obliged to take his seat, leaving his brilliant debut, before a London congregation, in an unfinished condition.

Another anecdote, borrowed from the pulpit, is still further illustrative of the use to which folios are occasionally put. A young divine, who had just received orders, delivered his first discourse in the presence of many of his clerical brethren and fathers, who had attended, anxious to know how he would acquit himself. His sermon was a very powerful one, and displayed a degree of profound thought and a finished eloquence, quite remarkable in so young a man. The congregation were delighted, and not a little astonishment was expressed at the maturity of mind and rare attainment displayed by the preacher. At dinner he met the clergymen who had been present at his discourse, and among others, the celebrated Dr. Barrow, who was unknown to

him, and who had happened into the church by chance. "I must apologise," he said, "gentlemen, for the very poor discourse to which you have done me the honor of listening this morning. It was a hasty production, written under the pressure of other distracting avocations. I spent only two days in its composition." "Young man," said Dr. Barrow, turning to the preacher, "I don't know how long it occupied you, but it took me just three weeks to write that sermon! It is the twenty-sixth in the folio edition of my discourses." The youth was placed in a truly awkward predicament, from which he extricated himself, however, with some adroitness. "I stand convicted," he said, "but do not know that, at the commencement of my ministry, I could have done myself more honor, than to preach one of the discourses of the great Dr. Barrow."

It will probably be found, upon a strict examination, that many of the most celebrated writers of modern times are more indebted to the authors of the old folios for their fame, than to their own wit. It is true, we call them men of learning, but whose learning is it? The mass of readers suppose it is their own. Few suspect that they are decked out wholly in borrowed plumes, and that the praises which are rendered to them are properly due only to their predecessors.

BOOK WORM.

MARCH.

Now are the winds around us in their glee,
Tossing the slender tree;—
Whirling the sands about his furious car,
March cometh from afar—
Breaks the sealed magic of old winter's dreams
And rends the glassy streams—
Chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes,
Their fetters from the lakes;
And, with a power, by queenly spring supplied,
Rouses the slumbering tide.

With a fierce love, he seeks young summer's charms
And clasps her to his arms—
Lifting his shield between, he drives away
Old winter from his prey—
The ancient tyrant whom he proudly braves,
Goes howling to his caves.—
And, in his northern den, compelled to fly,
Yields up the victory,—
Melted are all his bands, o'erthrown his tower's,
Usurped by blushing flowers.

G. B. S.

LETTERS FROM MEXICO.

NUMBER TWO.

MY DEAR M.—As I am obliged to remain here some days longer than I expected, I have the opportunity of writing to you from this place, and will endeavour to give you an idea of one of the entrances to the Mexican republic—for you are, I suppose, aware, that on the whole line of its eastern sea board, there are only two ports of any note, Vera Cruz and Tampico.* Before I do this, however, I must acquaint you with some of the vexatious observances to which strangers are invariably obliged to submit, when they arrive at either of these ports.

Scarcely had our anchor reached its destined bed ere a boat might be seen putting off from the town, with the Mexican ensign floating over the stern, and propelled by eight brawny, half-naked rowers. A second boat, similarly equipped, was seen almost immediately to follow. The first brought us the port physician, an elderly person, who was reasonably well impressed with the idea of his own importance. This gentleman on reaching the ship, stood up in his boat and desired to know of the Captain how many *souls* he had on board, requesting him at the same time to have them all mustered on deck. Then, standing erect in the gangway, with a large gold-headed cane, he proceeded to count us all individually. After performing this operation twice and finding his count to tally properly with that of the Captain, he pronounced our ship to be free from disease, and gave us a clean bill of health. This done, his attendants were permitted to come on board; for, during his ceremonial none of them, not even himself, had dared set foot on the deck of a vessel which had not been subjected to the ordeal of his examination. Our visitor then helped himself to a glass of brandy, inquired significantly, if the *Señor Capitan* had on board a reasonable supply of Scotch herrings, in sufficiently good condition to merit the notice of a *Medico*, in the service of the Republic. And having received an answer equally significant in the affirmative, he took his leave, descended to his boat, the herrings followed him, and that was the last we ever saw either of them or the doctor.

In the mean time the other boat had arrived with the officers of the port and customs who were soon on board, and truly a motley collection it was; like Joseph's coat, it was of many colours. I must confess I was rather startled at the appearance of some of these officers, for at first sight they would have been taken for Africans more or less bleached, but I learned differently afterwards, and indeed saw myself many instances, in which the descendants of the Spanish settlers, and the aborigines presented features strikingly similar to those characteristic of the negro race. There were however one or two really no-

* I refer principally to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, properly so called. Campeachy and Sisal are on the opposite side of the Bay of Honduras, and at a considerable distance from the great body of the Republic. The smaller ports North of Tampico have grown into notice, mostly since the Texian troubles, and consequently since the date of this letter.

ble looking fellows amongst them; these were of pure Spanish descent, and possessed the rich dark complexion, oval and classic features, and the flashing eyes of their ancestors.

They were all exceedingly polite and complimentary, and seemed willing to make their vexatious duty as little irksome as possible.

The formalities prescribed by law for the admission of strangers into the country, are exceedingly tedious and provoking to persons accustomed as we are to come and go wheresoever we list, without let or hindrance. In the first place, the traveller's passport is demanded,—he then undergoes a sort of examination; many questions are asked, and his answers translated into Spanish, are registered in a book kept for the purpose. Here are some of the questions: "Who are you? What is your name? Where were you born? How old are you? Married or single? What is your object in coming here, business or pleasure? Do you intend to go to the capital or not?" and many other similar ones, any of which, under ordinary circumstances, would give the questioner an unquestionable title to be knocked down for impertinence; but here they must be answered.

It was really laughable to see the deportment of some of our party, while undergoing the inflictions of such cross-examination from men, whom they were more than half inclined to look upon as negroes. Our German friend was particularly annoyed, not being able to understand at once the meaning of this formality, and considering the first questions which were translated to him excessively impertinent, he grew proportionably enraged, and commenced swearing most terribly in his native tongue; but as no one present was able to appreciate the force of his eloquence, from its being in a language, to them unknown, he continued his objurgations in bad French and worse English, with a volubility which was not without its effect on all present; for while some of our party were exceedingly diverted, and others were endeavouring to pacify the angry orator, the *oficiales* were astounded, and commenced interchanging exclamations of *que dice? que dice? quien sabe, &c.* (What does he say? who knows what he says?) The scribe who took down the answers, looked up from his book when this wordy torrent broke forth, and seemed to wonder within himself, whether he would have to record so voluminous a response to a few short questions. Even the interpreter was at a loss, for the terms of his commission were to translate from English into Spanish and *vice versa*, but to twist a straight Spanish answer out of the three-stranded reply of the angry German, was something which transcended his powers. At length we prevailed upon our friend to answer quietly, but he did it with very ill grace, and it was a long time ere the storm entirely subsided.

When this business was concluded, the port officer proceeded to deposit our passports in his book, informing us that we must remain on board until a written permit to land, should be sent us, and then our passports would be delivered to us, on our calling for them at the *Comandante's* office—(*subaudi*, "and on paying two dollars for his signature;"—this was an indispensable condition, as we afterwards found.) Then leaving a Custom House Inspector on board, these gentry took their leave, and left us once more to ourselves.

We had nothing to do but to wait patiently for the morrow, in the hope of getting our permits early, and being able to go on shore in good season, to settle all our affairs and depart immediately for Jalapa, capital of the State of Vera Cruz, and one of the healthiest spots on the globe, for none of us relished the idea of remaining even for one night in the pestilential atmosphere of Vera Cruz. We amused ourselves as well as we could by examining the appearance of the town with our telescopes. The result of our observations was not very satisfactory, for the view from the sea is not particularly attractive. The buildings have a decayed and dilapidated appearance. The clumsy towers and ungraceful domes of the numerous churches and convents, are rendered still more unsightly by the action of the climate on the cement, with which they are covered, and the still visible marks of the cannon shot, with which they had been battered during the period when Spain still held the Castle of Ulloa, towards the close of the Mexican revolution. Flights of buzzards were constantly hovering over the town, and at night retired to roost on the domes of the churches, in such numbers as totally to blacken them. Every thing looked dreary and desolate, for the town is surrounded only by sand hills, where the vegetation is scanty, and has a parched and blasted appearance. We retired to rest, after the excitement of the day, with no very pleasant anticipations.

The next morning, I was startled from my sleep by the report of cannon, which seemed close on board of us, and running on deck, I saw at a little distance, a brig, from whose peak the American ensign was slowly unfolding to the morning breeze. I recollected it was the fourth of July, and our countrymen were hailing the birth day of their independence. There was a curious feeling attending this celebration of our own national festival in a strange land—a land which had attempted to imitate the bright example our forefathers had set them, but had fallen most woefully short of the mark. The Indian and half breed boatmen, who were crowding round the ships, ready to commence operations on their cargoes, were chattering away amongst themselves, and being curious to know if they had any idea of the intention of the salute, I asked them, what it was for. They answered me at once,—“The birth day of the United American States of the North.” They had many questions to ask about those “States of the North,” some of which it would have sorely puzzled a “Philadelphia lawyer” to answer in a manner intelligible to the interrogators. They have indeed most singular ideas in regard to other countries than their own,—but of this hereafter.

After waiting most impatiently until about twelve o'clock, we at last had the satisfaction of receiving our permits to land. This curious document, consists of a collection of a certain acts of the Mexican Congress, relative to the admission of strangers; acts which were passed chiefly with a view to prevent the return of the exiled Spaniards or others banished for political offences. By these laws (which are printed in French, Spanish and English,) the stranger is required to present himself within a specified time, before the authorities, and receive from them a pass to travel in any given direction, and in case it be wished to

settle in any particular spot, a protection or certificate must be taken out within a specified time, or the delinquent is liable to certain penalties, to which he would likewise be exposed should he land without one of those permits.

Having received ours, we descended to our boat, and pulled away for the landing place, which is a pier, or mole built out into the sea from the principal gate of the city. This is the only landing place, and was built by the founders of Vera Cruz, and like all others, the monuments of Spanish engineering was of solid and substantial workmanship. It is composed of large blocks of hewn stone, strongly fastened together with iron clamps, the courses being crossed and dove-tailed into each other. Report says, (how truly I know not,) that these large blocks were all brought from Spain, each vessel being obliged to take in, as ballast, a certain number in proportion to her tonnage. Certain it is, that there is no similar stone in the neighborhood of the city. The interstices are filled up with masses of madripores and other marine deposits collected on the reefs.* A proof of the great strength of this construction may be found in the fact that it has withstood the fury of a tremendous sea until within a very few years, when it began to be impaired. The criminal negligence and silly parsimony of the government would not allow them to repair damages, when it might have been done advantageously and at little expense, and now a million and even two millions would scarcely suffice to arrest the evil, and place the mole in a condition once more to resist the elements.

On landing, we were surrounded by a motley assemblage, in which might be seen nearly all the hues of the rainbow, all elbowing and pushing to get near the "strangers" in the hope of being employed. After some struggling to get rid of this crowd, we entered the town by the sea gate, (around which the guard were lounging in various attitudes of indolence,) and found ourselves at once in the principal square, which was surrounded by large and even handsome edifices. Arches of massive construction were thrown over the side walks, forming a cool and shaded pathway, which afforded an agreeable contrast with the intense glare and heat of the open square. We were presently ushered into a building at one extremity of the *plaza*, and were welcomed by a proprietor to his establishment, the "American Hotel," as we would have called it, but Spanish grandiloquence had imposed on it the style of *Fonda y Posada Americana*. After some preliminary arrangements for the comfort and solace of the inward as well as of the outward man, we were shown to our apartments, and I was at home in Vera Cruz.

Having some letters of introduction to deliver, I set out almost immediately to present them. My first call was on a French merchant, from whom I had to obtain some necessary information as to my future proceedings. I found him in his counting house, engaged in a very laudable endeavour to keep as cool as possible. He was certainly taking things very easy, his clothing was of the lightest character, and as he lolled back in a huge, high backed Spanish chair, of most venerable appearance, the light blue smoke of a true born Havana "Regalia" came curling from his lips, and perfumed the apartment. The old gentlemen received me very kindly, conversed for some time on vari-

ous topics, and concluded by an invitation to dine. I then took my leave and proceeded to hunt up my passport, &c. The commandant had scribbled some very hard looking hieroglyphics at the bottom of it, for which I was obliged to pay two dollars, and the old rogue of a runner who brought it to me, (for they would not deliver it to me at the office, but must needs send it across the street to my lodgings,) demanded another, instead of which, however, he got only hard words, both from my companions and myself. These government gentry are the most rapacious fellows in existence, and the same quality may be found in a great degree throughout the whole tribe of runners, porters, boatmen, &c. who swarm about the mole, as numerous as the sharks in the waters which surround it, and like them too they seem to consider all strangers who venture within their reach, a legitimate prey.

But my paper is filled, and I must perforce close this rambling letter. I will endeavour to give you in my next an idea of the outward appearance of things in this city. I wish I had some kind Asmodeus to unroof the house and lift the curtain to afford you a view of the interior; for without such assistance, your Cleofas will be much at fault. For the present—Adieu. △

"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

Sweet Roman lady! What a train
Of pleasant thoughts arise,
As back to thee in olden time
Imagination flies.

What truth,—what proud simplicity!—
The mother in thy heart
Spoke out when those immortal words
From thy fond lips did part.

That matron with the jewelled brow,
And breast where diamonds shone,
Asking, with boastful look, if thou
Hadst jewels like her own;—

How blenched her glance at thy reply,
How paled each glittering gem;
When leading those fair children forth,
Thou bad'st her look on *them*!

But no such sons have mothers now;
Though brilliant as the stars,
Our modern "jewels" won't be worn
And shown by their mammas.

In modern times we often meet,
A Roman nose and black eye;

But very seldom now-a-days
A jewel like a Gracchi.

The dainty BEAU with whiskered cheek
And brodered kerchief sweet,
The very pink of jewels is—
In his own dear conceit.

The blooming BELLE, in beauty proud,
To hosts of lovers cruel,
In blest complacency may smile;—
She's to herself a jewel.

She sparkles like a diadem,
Such wealth has nature brought her;—
Diamond cut diamond! *He's* the same,
Both stones of the first water!

All have their jewelry;—each deems
His brighter than the rest:
Or worn upon a lofty brow,
Or in a peaceful breast.

Of steady blaze, or shifting ray,—
Jewels of light divine,—
Or gems, that, shunning garish day,
In darkness brighter shine.

The STUDENT with his thoughtful brow,
And intellectual looks!
What were earth's rarest gems to him?
His jewels are his *books*.

The POET's dear beguiling art;—
What music in its chimes!
Would he for glittering stones exchange
Those jewels,—*his own rhymes*?

The LOVER! In his mistress' face
What precious gems do lie:
Rubies and pearls adorn her lips
And diamonds light her eye.

The enthusiastic FLORIST; he
Who concentrates his powers
On petals, pistels, pericarps,—
His jewels are the *flowers*.

The ENTOMOLOGIST who far
Thro' insect nature sees;
The beetle's wing,—the fire-fly's flash,—
To him what gems like these?

And he who makes a feast of *shells*;—
In truth I mean no slur;—
What jewel prizes he, but one,
His dear conchometer?

The ORNITHOLOGIST can see
No jewel like a *feather*;
And ICHTHIOLOGY prefers
A *crab-fish* altogether.

Yet no—I had forgotten quite;
Now bless his learned phiz!
To him rare jewelry belongs,
The *pearl* itself is his.

Ask of the planet-searching SAGE,
What his prized jewels are;
He'll say nor earth nor heaven hath aught
So brilliant as a *star*.

The faded VIRGIN sips her tea,
Or works a cat in crewels,

Or takes a cozy hand at whist,
And cries—"These are my *jewels*!"

The BACHELOR presents his box
With antiquated air,
Taps the smooth lid, explores its depths,
And finds a jewel there.

The light of genius brightly burns,
A fire that needs no fuel.
The PAINTER feels the flame within,
And *nature* is his jewel.

The SCULPTOR sees the embedded stone;—
Forth to the light 'tis whirled;—
His touch creates,—with life it glows—
A jewel for the world.

OLD AGE and CHILDHOOD jewels have;
And what a *trifle* makes them!
One hugs the *keys* that guard his gold,
The other laughs and shakes them.

So all possess some jewelry,
CORNELIA, bright as thine:—
But while of others thus I prate
What shall I choose for mine?

The steadfast light of *cheerfulness*,
That beams through mist and cloud;—
The tender *love* that chooseth words
Heart-searching but not loud.

The *charity* that loves to spread
Its soft protecting shade
O'er other's frailties,—and the *truth*
That cannot be afraid!

Patience, that like a blossomed tree
Smiles mid the pelting shower;
And *Gentleness* that bows her head
Beneath it, like a flower.

True *friendship*, *health*, and *competence*,
Contentment's light divine:—
Bright intellectual jewelry,—
May these, may these be mine.

A. M. W.

DRAMATIC CHARACTERS OF SCHILLER.

WERE we asked to name the three grand requisites to success in a dramatic production, we should unhesitatingly reply—the first is character; the second, character; and the third, character: nor should we overstate its importance. Let the plot be ever so ingenious or well-contrived, even to the greatest degree of perfection which the art of man can reach; be the scenic accompaniments ever so grand or magnificent, without this greatest and most essential ingredient, the work will surely fail to excite the interest which it is its object to awaken. On the other hand, let there be character in the piece, and the most barren and meagre details may captivate and delight. Our sympathies can only be deeply excited for beings that bear the strong impress of humanity; when these live and move before our eyes in the drama, and we feel that they are creatures assimilated to ourselves, invested with a reality that renders them familiar to us as if we had actually known them, our senses are at once enthralled by the delusion, and the soul is touched and drawn by irresistible sympathy to mingle its joys or sorrows with those of the poet's creation. This is an effect which the noblest poetry, the most harmonious and eloquent language, and even the exhibition of the most elevated emotions, and the purest and most exalted morality cannot of themselves produce; they may win the admiration and applause of the spectator, but he will listen unmoved by deeper feeling, if the great charm be wanting. The form may have the most exquisite and symmetrical proportions, and the outward semblance of beauty; but life, the presiding spirit, is absent, and he turns satiated and disappointed away.

What has made Shakspeare the poet of the world? What has commanded for him universal admiration, sending forth his immortal works through every nation, even to the end of the world, to be received with unbounded delight, to minister to the consolation and happiness of all, from the sovereign to the humblest peasant? It is not the richness of incident, the sublimity of thought and sentiment, nor the brilliant and versatile wit, nor yet the glorious poetry of the book of nature, which have chiefly contributed to render its author the idol of every age and country; which have stamped his name as the Greatest, the Unapproachable, in the field of dramatic fiction. In each of these he may have been, not surpassed, but at least equalled by others. But the secret of the stupendous power of this master mind lay deeper. He discovered the mighty links that unite by the bond of sympathy the whole human family; he possessed the art to touch that spring, and every human heart responded to the touch. Shakspeare knew how to make us all kindred; and he endowed the beings of his creation with such qualities as should compel our instant recognition. The creatures he has called into life have to us actually existed; they fill the same place in relation to us and our feelings, as if they had lived in reality. What though no such persons as Lear, Othello, and Hamlet, have to our knowledge ever moved upon this earth, and taken a real part in events like those described; they are still men in all respects,

and have, through the magic of the poet's intellect, produced each, as fellow beings, their influence on the minds of those with whom they have been virtually, if not actually, brought into contact.

It may not here be amiss to endeavor to show what is meant by the term character, which expresses somewhat so indispensable to success in dramatic poetry. The expression signified, to our judgment, that identity or personality which distinguishes the individual from all others; in which his every action, however slight, is in harmony with, and subservient to, the whole. This is not produced by putting continually the same sentiments in his mouth, or making him exhibit the same feelings, but by discovering to us, by means of minute and almost imperceptible touches, the connection between his motives and deeds, and the train of his secret thoughts. In the short period of human life usually comprehended by the drama, where one feeling generally predominates over or influences the rest, it is easy to preserve this unity, without doing violence to nature, by exhibiting a character in its principal features.

The modification of character to shifting circumstances, still preserving the grand distinctive traits, is another point in the poet's art. A broader line of difference owing to national peculiarities, must also be observed.

When all these are happily united, and harmoniously adapted to each other, the triumph of art is complete. The offspring of creative imagination stands forth in perfect relief, and claims and receives an acknowledgment of our mutual relation.

Many poets, Byron for example, exhibit but one class of characters. Some one absorbing desire or passion is unfolded to the reader, and this, with a few modifications, actuated the whole tribe of his heroes. But the creations of Shakspeare are various, and in no case closely resemble each other. He never borrowed from himself. When he had modelled a character that was to be a study for succeeding generations, a pattern for the imitation of succeeding bards, he never copied his picture, nor transferred any of its features to another portrait. His rich and fertile genius was ready to present another monument of his skill, as original and as peculiar as the first. His personages have no likeness, except such as marks their belonging to the same race.

But few among the modern poets of the drama have attained to excellence in this particular. No one would dream, for an instant, of comparing Schiller with Shakspeare; yet he has surpassed his competitors for the meed of fame in the delineation of character, and thereby approached nearer to the standard of dramatic excellence. We propose to analyze some of his personages, and will begin with two of his creations, in his noble and affecting play, "The Death of Wallenstein."

The two parts composing this tragedy, "*Die Piccolomini*" and "*Wallenstein's Iod*," are connected, and form one story; the subject is the fall of the duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial forces in the Thirty Years' War. Thanks to the excellent translation of Coleridge, but few readers of English poetry are unacquainted with these dramas; and it is therefore unnecessary to enter on any detailed analy-

sis. Wallenstein, a noble-hearted though haughty prince, had long enjoyed the favor and confidence of his emperor, which is at length unjustly withdrawn from him through the machinations and slanders of his enemies, who envy his reputation and power. He is surrounded by secret foes, and ambitious friends ready to urge him to the most desperate undertakings, that they may become sharers in his success. His clear and penetrating intellect is obscured by pride and ambition, and confident in the ascendant power of the star of his destiny, he rejects the counsels of his only true friend, and the impulses of his own better feelings; and hurries on in the blind career that can only terminate in his destruction. We know of no picture in which the wayward and conflicting feelings of a proud yet noble nature, stung with the consciousness of unmerited injury, and of his own ineffable superiority to the serpent tribe that are casting their slime about his footsteps, too lofty to distrust a seeming friend, and bearing with a haughty serenity the calamities fortune heaps upon him,—are more strikingly and admirably portrayed. But we must leave him, and proceed to his daughter Thekla, one of the loveliest creatures that ever emanated from a poet's brain.

Thekla has been educated in the seclusion of a convent, and when sent for to the camp of her father, comes accompanied by the duchess, and attended by Max Piccolomini, the bosom friend of Wallenstein. On the journey a mutual affection has sprung up between the young people, which forms a most touching episode to the detail of treachery, strife, and bloodshed, occupying the greater portion of the piece.

The Countess Jertsky, sister-in-law to the duke, leads the princess, richly dressed, to meet her father, who had not seen her since her childhood. He receives her in his arms with pride and fondness, as the pledge of greater fortune; and inwardly vows to devote to her the reward of a life of hardship. Ambition is renewed within his soul as he gazes on his child. Already is he apprised of the emperor's intention to supersede him in the command, and the bitterness of the knowledge that he has been suspected before he gave cause for suspicion, is mingled with a vague desire for revenge, while he is yet doubtful of the means of obtaining it. The first interview of Thekla with Max takes place in the second act; and here the first glimpse into her character, noble, ingenuous, and full of tenderness, is afforded. How much is expressed in her answer to her lover's observation, that he despaired at seeing her, so lovely and beloved, surrounded once more by her relatives and friends, and the state that becomes her rank.

“Max. Now once again have I courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not,
The dazzle of the jewels that played round you
Hid the beloved form from me.

Thekla. Then you saw me
With your eye only, and not your heart!”

Her pure and unsophisticated mind perceives at once, and revolts from, the cunning and artifice she finds every where around her. She cautions Max against the friends who are seeking to use them as instru-

ments of ambition, and excuses herself for her frank demeanor towards him.

"*Thekla*. I ought to be less open,—ought to hide
My heart more from thee,—so decorum dictates:
But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou didst not find it?"*

The subsequent melancholy expression of her feelings of aversion to the new life, whose crooked paths of policy are revealed to her, and her panting after the ideal world of goodness and happiness in visions of which her fancy has hitherto indulged, and which have vanished never to return,—is given in a song, whose wild and simple beauty can be but faintly preserved in a poetical version. The following is a literal translation:

"*Thekla*, (*plays and sings*.) The oak forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the waves break with might, and she sings out in the dark night, her eyes discolored with weeping: The heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home! I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved."

In the succeeding interview with the countess, what firmness and contempt of artifice, united with child-like innocence and gentleness, are seen! She is insensible to the endeavors of her aunt to instil into her mind the pride of birth; she estimates such advantages at only their real value, and prizes them because she is made thereby more worthy of him on whom she has bestowed her love. The countess, hard and crafty as she is, can scarcely believe such artlessness and openness to be not assumed to hide some secret purpose; the designing ever suspect the free-hearted and simple. The avowed devotion of her niece to the young Piccolomini first awakens her anger, next her apprehension. When left alone, the despondency of the maiden's heart thus breaks out:

"And is it so? not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart: we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly! no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre where hope abides;
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here;
And Love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet room.*]

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape;
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,—
It draws, it pulls me with a godlike power,—
And lo! the abyss,—and thither am I moving,—
I have no power within me not to move!"

She is right; this scene is no place for her or her lover; with their pure affections, their high truth, their constant virtue. Amidst the tem-

* In our extracts from this play we use the translation of Coleridge.

pest and tumult of strife, the loud voice of faction, and the secret workings of treachery and guile, these youthful lovers have nothing left to do, but to suffer. They cannot become parties in the mighty game that is playing; for the singleness and holy purity of their natures unfit them to act with those who are conducting it. They can only be *victims*: they are swept on, powerless to resist the force that is bearing them, with the fortunes of another, to destruction,—the Destiny that overwhelms them in the ruins of a mightier prey. Events crowd on events; it seems indeed as if some superhuman power were urging Friedland on to the steps that complete his treason. The purpose of the duke to barter the army to the Swedes, and join them against his emperor, are first communicated by Octavio Piccolomini to his son Max, who listens in unbelieving surprise. He expresses vehement indignation at the mean dissimulation of his father towards Wallenstein, and horror when he learns that the duke is already sentenced, and Octavio placed at the head of the army, and entrusted with the execution of the imperial mandate. Now has that open and trusting heart received its first wound. Before, all between him and Wallenstein had been the frank confidence of fellow-soldiers, and the warm affection of an adopted son and parent. Life had been cloudless to him; the warrior's toils and hardships had been cheerfully borne, because he looked forward to the happiness of peace; and bred in the camp, there was nothing uncongenial to him in such labors. His own words in a previous interview with his father, paint his visions of the bliss which as yet he had only contemplated at a distance:

“Life, life, my father,
My venerable father, life has charms
Which *we* have ne’er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays
Where safest they may venture a thieves’ landing.
Whate’er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite—O nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.”

Now, for the first time, the veil that concealed the deformity of what had hitherto seemed to him most beautiful, the human heart, is rudely torn away. He learns, for the first time, to distrust others, and the impulses of his own bosom. His boding heart beholds the approach of a fearful catastrophe; and foresees that the fall of the monarch spirit will drag many into ruin with him. Though he begins to doubt the virtue of his friend, he will be convinced of his crime from no lips but his own.

The scene between Max and Wallenstein, when the former comes to learn the truth of his father's statements, is finely characteristic. The excuse of necessity by which the duke justifies his designs, and the gorgeous coloring of hope he endeavors to throw over them, deceive not for a moment the true-hearted and noble youth. He is only alive to the agony of losing his friend:

"O God of heaven! what a change is this!
 Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
 To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole
 Wert all I gazed at on life's pathless ocean!
 O, what a rent thou makest in my heart!
 The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
 The holy habit of obedience,
 Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
 Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me,—
 It always was as a god looking at me!
 Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed;
 The senses yet are in thy bonds, although
 Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself."

The duke's sophistry has blinded himself; but it shakes not, for an instant, the resolution of Max. Yet he lingers in the camp of the traitor, near the presence of his beloved, after Friedland's other adherents have forsaken him, and drawn the army with them.

Thekla's first thought, when the duke's revolt is communicated to her, is for her mother. The deep affection she bears her parent is an additional charm in her lovely character. She, too, dreams not of a possibility that her lover will forfeit his honor, by joining her father's cause. She cannot wish such a sacrifice; the integrity of Max is dearer to her than her own happiness, or his. The scene of their separation is full of the deepest pathos. The anguish of the youth, forced not only to renounce his friendship with the duke, the guide of his childhood, but his dearest hopes of obtaining the object of his passionate love, leaves no room in his heart for any other feeling, and prevents any vindictive reply to the reproaches uttered by Wallenstein against his father. The duke then takes the tone of entreaty:

Wallenstein. Max, remain with me;
 Go you not from me, Max! Hark, I will tell thee,
 How when, at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
 Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
 Not yet accustomed to the German winters;
 Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colors;
 Thou wouldst not let them go.
 At that time did I take thee in my arms,
 And with my mantle did I cover thee;
 I was thy nurse; no woman could have been
 A kinder to thee: I was not ashamed
 To do for thee all little offices
 However strange to me: I tended thee
 Till life returned; and when thine eyes first opened
 I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
 Altered my feelings towards thee? Many thousands
 Have I made rich, presented them with lands,
 Rewarded them with dignities and honors;
 Thee have I *loved*; my heart, myself, I gave
 To thee!—They were all aliens—THOU wert
 Our child and inmate. Max! thou can'st not leave me!
 It cannot be; I may not, will not think
 That Max can leave me!

Max. O my God!

Wallenstein. I have
 Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
 What holy bond is there of natural love,

What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
 I love thee, Max! What did thy father for thee
 Which I too have not done, to the height of duty?
 Go hence; forsake me, serve thy emperor;
 He will reward thee with a pretty chain
 Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
 For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
 For that the holiest feeling of humanity
 Was nothing worth to thee.

Max. O God! how can I
 Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?
 My oath,—my duty,—honor——”

In this sore trial, the desperate youth commits the decision to
 Thekla:

“*Max.* Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?
 It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all
 But utter what our passionate wishes dictate;
 O that an angel would descend from heaven,
 And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted
 With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light!

[*His eyes glance on Thekla.*]

What other angel seek I? To this heart,
 To this unerring heart, will I submit it;
 Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
 The happy man alone, averted ever
 From the disquieted and guilty,—*canst* thou
 Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,
 And I'm the duke's——

Countess. Think, neice——

Max. Think nothing, Thekla!

Speak what thou feelest.

Countess. Think upon thy father.

Max. I did not question thee as Friedland's daughter;
 Thee, the beloved, and the unerring god
 Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
 Not whether diadem of royalty
 Be to be won or not—that might'st thou *take* on.
 Thy friend, and his soul's quiet are at stake—
 The fortune of a thousand gallant men
 Who will all follow me:—shall I forswear
 My oath and duty to the emperor?
 Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
 The parricidal ball? For when the ball
 Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
 It is no longer a dead instrument!
 It lives, a spirit passes into it,
 The avenging furies seize possession of it,
 And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

Thekla. O Max,——

Max, (interrupting her.) Nay, not precipitately, either, Thekla.
 I understand thee. To thy noble heart
 The hardest duty might appear the highest.
 The human, not the great part would I act.
 Even from my childhood to this present hour,
 Think what the duke has done for me, how loved me,
 And think too—how my father has repaid him.
 O likewise the free, lovely impulses
 Of hospitality, the pious friend's
 Faithful attachment, these too are a holy

Religion to the heart: and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance—all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it!

Thekla. O, thine own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling—

Countess. O, ill-fated woman!

Thekla. Is't possible, that that can be the right
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go!
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou would'st still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

Max. Then I
Must leave thee—must part from thee?

Thekla. Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me;
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide forever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houses. Go!
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one!
The curse of heaven lies upon our head!
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me;
My destiny will quickly be decided.

[*MAX clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the scene a long, wild, long-continued cry, VIVAT FERDINANDUS! accompanied by warlike instruments; MAX and THEKLA remain motionless in each other's embrace.*]

The followers of Max crowd upon the scene, to force him away; with an effort of desperation he turns to them; they surround and carry him off in wild tumult. Thekla falls into her mother's arms. They meet no more. Young Piccolomini, who after his departure was resolved to court death, is slain in an engagement with the Swedes at Neustadt. The intelligence is brought to the duke by the Swedish captain; and Wallenstein gives, in the midst of dangers, a tear to the memory of his friend.

Then comes the melancholy close of the picture. The sacrifice of two innocent hearts is completed. Thekla, accompanied only by a confidential attendant, departs alone, at night, to seek the grave of her lover. An irresistible and secret impulse draws her to the spot, which affords, in the deep gloom that has clouded her reason, the only glimmering of consolation.

"To a deep quiet, such as he has found,
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—a dim power
Drives me from hence."

Her final fate is not recorded; and we feel it right that she should not remain upon the scene till the close. She is borne away from the tempest of horror that forms the catastrophe. The impersonation and pledge of her father's better fortune, it is proper she should be removed when his good angel abandons him to his destruction. Her soul is filled with a feeling now become sacred and heavenly; she is too pure to mingle any longer in earthly scenes. Herein is seen a proof of the skill and taste of the author, that we are made thus to lose sight of his heroine. The accumulation of treachery and blood is become too horrible for the presence of a being like her, and she is withdrawn from it.

Powerful is the impression made on the feelings by the story of those unfortunate lovers. The struggles and the manly anguish of young Max sink most deeply into the heart. We know not any scene in modern tragedy more affecting than his parting from Wallenstein and Thekla. His very life strings are rent asunder; *that* is the bitterness of death. His frantic exclamation,

"Blas't! Blas't! O waren es die Schwed'schen horner,"

could move the coldest to tears. The grouping of these two characters renders their exhibition more impressive. Their simplicity, truth and devotion shine more clearly in contrast with the perfidy and intriguing selfishness around them. Thekla's mind is loftier and stronger than that of her mother, to whom she is warmly attached by the sympathies of a nature kindred in its purity. But with the wilful and ambitious Countess Jertsky she can have no communion. The same innate and instinctive aversion for the crooked and base aspect of deceit, leads Max to shrink from his father, and draws from his lips the rebuke that disconcerts even the collected and crafty Octavio. How full of pathos his mourning over the blight and ruin of so noble a heart as Wallenstein's! Yet he never seems to have read that soul in its depths; else he would have discerned the ambition and pride, which as yet in their growth, were destined to bring forth so fatal a fruit. He has loved and idolized a being of his own imagination; one whom his fancy had endowed with every great and high quality. This error is seen when he advises the duke, apparently wavering in his purpose, to follow the first dictates of his heart. That of Max had never yet decided him. Pure and right in its impulses, he had been safe in trusting to its guidance. But it is not so with others, whose judgment and feelings have been warped by passions and prejudices; and the youth is conscious of the fallacy of the trust, when he himself feels bitterly, that he can no longer depend on his virtuous impulses.

The character of Wallenstein is nobly sustained, and its harmony preserved, through the influence of changing circumstances: and it would be a task of pleasure to point out the minute and delicate touches by which this is done, and by which our interest is kept up to the last. But we have no space at present for such an analysis; and can only say in reference to the minor personages in the play, that in his representation of Buttler, Schiller has done injustice to national character. Besides, the deep dissimulation practised by the officer against his general, and the implacable cruelty and hatred with which he plots his

murder, as well as the paltry ambition and pride of which Octavio takes advantage, are not in accordance with his character first exhibited—the brave and honest veteran, abhorring the semblance of falsehood, and fulfilling his duty for its own sake.

At some future period, we may undertake to show further the power of Schiller in the creation of interest by the faithful portraiture of character,—in the examination of other dramatic pieces from his pen.

From the Southern Rose.

EXPECTATION.—A FRAGMENT.

I weary with this watching! All the bright
 Yet endless morning hours I still have past,
 Straining, with restless hope, my aching sight
 On yon transparent waters, till at last
 Evening hath shook her mantle of soft haze
 Around the vivid glories of the day,
 And earth doth seem unto my shrouded gaze,
 E'en as a phantom, melting fast away.—
 And what hath been my gain? Perchance to win
 A white speck in the distance—see it float
 (Like visions of futurity within
 That pass from off the mind, as a dim mote,)
 On the horizon's edge; until it grows,
 Made perfect by delusion, to a bark
 Striving with sails to break the soft repose
 Of the dull breeze; and when the eye would mark
 Some nearer object to restore its powers,
 To find on turning to that distant spot,
 That the ideal shape thus watch'd for hours,
 Has gone forevermore—Or else to plot
 A mute companionship with every cloud
 That flits on spirit-wings before the test
 Of the strong sunbeams; and together crowd
 In the low chamber of the distant West,
 To deck the Day-God's couch; or yearn to share
 The wild bird's charter'd heritage, as through
 The ether's utmost region, free from care,
 He wings his airy flight, or yet anew
 Skims, as a pastime, the blue ocean's foam,
 And roving ever mid his boundless home,
 He lives rejoicing. Such, alone, have been
 The spells which made me idle. Would that I
 Could yet again this wasted day begin,
 But it hath gone! it renders no reply.
 Alas! departed day, how like thou art
 Unto poor human life! In youth's gay morn,
 We turn with reckless buoyancy of heart
 From the true bliss that with the hour is born,
 And look forever *onward*, colouring up,
 Upon the future's yet unmeasur'd scene
 With hope's delusive pencil, from the cup
 That pleasant fancy lends, a sky serene;
 A clear and crystal sea, on whose expanse
 Float strange, mysterious joys, which, for a time
 Upon the misty bound, like shadows glance,
 Then pass, as barks bound for some other clime,
 Before the light of truth.

M. E. L.

THE WANDERING MUSICIAN.

THE quiet of our woodland retirement, was this morning disturbed by a very novel sort of intruder. This was a poor Italian musician, with his glittering hand organ, who came into the yard, resolute to grind us a few tunes, and pick up a few pennies. Without a word he began to play under our windows, and in a few moments, the whole enclosure rang with a commotion scarcely less formidable than his own. The little negroes, to whom such an event was a phenomena not less remarkable than that of the falling stars, gathered about him, and, perhaps, with far more satisfaction, if not with so true a taste in music, they gave him a more earnest degree of attention, than the stroller, I will venture to assert, ever had the good fortune to secure from a city audience.

With the first tune that he struck up, I was pained by the train of thought which it forced upon me. The piece was that wild, lively, heart cheering lay of "The merry Swiss Boy," and performed by a thin, pale faced Italian, with huge and heavy whiskers, a person wanting the left arm, and otherwise sadly deformed by the mode of life which he pursued. He had a distressing cough upon him while he played, and the contrast between himself and his music, was altogether a subject of serious thought. The idea of the light lay of youth and buoyant hope falling from the lips of decrepitude and hopeless misery, is, of itself, sufficiently painful; but when the lay must be sung, and the music strained, even when the performer is sick and sad, in compliance with the necessity, one of the last, and perhaps, the worst necessities of life, that of procuring bread by an equivocal form of beggary,—it is then that the contrast becomes doubly harrowing to the mind of true sensibility.

I went out and spoke with him,—I was curious to ascertain how he had travelled, and what had been the degree of success, which he had met with, in his passage from the seaboard into the interior. He was now some eighty miles from the city, in a country, the inhabitants of which are not wealthy, and remotely situated from one another. Many of the planters' seats are at some distance, and not visible from the road. The probability is, that, journeying at the rate of fifteen miles a day or more, he had stopped at three or four plantations at the utmost, daily. At some of these he may have received a few shillings, but at many of them, it is more than probable, he got nothing. Money is not a country commodity, and the farmer or planter, who is most lavish of his hog and hominy, is not always able to bestow any other charity upon the wandering beggar.

This happened to be the case with our Italian. He had met with kindness and hospitality wherever he went, but he had not always met with money. Some days he got not a cent; at other times, the unlooked for liberality of some individual, compensated for the dearth of silver among the rest. But he tried to be cheerful, and he plied his organ unmercifully to please. In his calling, it was necessary that he should play for those who did not pay, as well as for those who did,

and in his humbleness of heart, he went aside to grind music for the grinning negro, who danced "Bro' Raccoon" for him to his most exquisite passages from Rossini. Our Italian would only shake his head, with a faint smile, at such a prostitution, and change the strain to something more congenial to the "kick and copper shuffle,"—and Yankee Doodle followed "The Hymn of the Tyrolese," more to the satisfaction of Cuffee and Cato. "Dat is 'merican!" said the complaisant Italian. "Da's him!" says Cuff, with an exulting chuckle. "Go it nigger!" cries Cato; and the probability is, that the strolling musician never in all his life before, passed through a country, in the way of his profession, which was so full to him of so much ludicrous and pleasant excitement.

I was constrained to watch his countenance, while he played in the presence of the negroes. Their natural fondness for music of all kinds, is very generally known, and their readiness in acquiring tunes, and their skill in whistling them, may be accounted for philosophically. Music is an enjoyment which they may practise and improve, without throwing aside any of their daily labors. At the plough the slave may whistle or sing when he might not read; and, on an errand, as we daily see them in the city, he may exercise his ear, his mouth and his fingers, all at the same moment, by accompanying his whistle with the clatter of two distinct bits of slate held between separated fingers, the sounds of which he orders into as docile an accompaniment, to the music of his lips, as the more experienced organist produces from his keys, in obedience to certain rules which are before him, and which have taken him nearly a life to acquire. Without other resources, music becomes the constant exercise of the negro's mind, and practice produces in him a degree of perfection which is not often, and never very greatly, qualified. He acquires a tune much sooner than a white person, and is never at a loss to vary his performance from one tune to another. The appearance of our Italian must have been an advent among the negroes wherever he went in our country.

While I looked upon *him* and *them*, I could not help smiling at the contrast between them. This poor Italian was the representative of thousands of his countrymen, condemned to earn the bread of life by a most toilsome labor, which was never ending and always beginning, without a home, without friends, without that sweetest blessing of all, the family fireside—condemned to a hopeless drudgery along the highway, upon which, at some unhappy moment, when life could no longer endure the accumulated miseries of destitution and disease, he was to find a death bed and a grave. He could not remain sufficiently long in one spot, to secure an interest with the stranger, or to make friends. He might toil without reward, and whether rewarded or not, he must still continue to toil. If the spectator gave no consideration to his case, and he got nothing, he must beg for bread in so many words; if his prayer for bread was refused, he must steal, and if his conscientiousness (which in such a case would be folly) revolted at such a thought, he must die! If he stoie, the plea of poverty would seldom avail him in a court of justice, and he must be punished. The trying necessities of such a mode of life as his, were all written upon his face—in his weary, lustreless eye, in his pallid, thin cheek, in his faint and timid

smile, as if he dreaded that a look of pleasure on the face of poverty might be construed into an insolence, as we fear it sometimes is. His wife too, (and it was not until he had played several tunes that I knew she accompanied him), was with him, a sharer in his toils and in his poverty, subjected to like and equal necessities with him, in addition to the many and peculiar difficulties and trials of her own sex. Their children—had they any?—where were they? Perhaps trained up as we see numbers of them in the greater cities, to beg, to lie, to steal, in order that their parents and themselves may live! The negroes, big and little, that danced around the poor musician, pitied him, and well they might. Their fat, hanging cheeks, were in most provoking contrast to his; and the poor Italian was frequently furnished along the roads in Carolina, with his bread and his bacon, from the stores of the Carolina slave. They pitied the poor buckrah a destiny so severe as that which he was compelled to endure, and I doubt not that more than one of them has wondered—"Why de h—ll, he no come work in de field for old massa and git he 'lowance. Poor buckrah is a most cussed fool!" This is good sense on the part of Cuffee, but not philanthropy. The modern philanthropist says—"but the Italian is free!" Ay—free to starve, to steal, to murder. Free to fill the penitentiaries, where a slave is seldom or never seen.

Were our country a little more populous than it is, I should be disposed to think that the strolling musician would find it a more profitable theatre for his operations than the city, and for very obvious reasons. There is no dearth of resources in any department of the arts, and the citizen can have his choice of music and musician, without submitting to the exactions of the travelling and mechanic artist. Every third lady strums upon the piano, and every third gentleman discourses to his mistress and the moon through the medium of soft flute or tinkling guitar. The hand organ of the Italian is no desideratum in such a neighborhood. The very fact that it may be worked by almost any hand,—a fact which testifies admirably for that nice science, which has made it what it is, operates against the performer; and the superiority and great compass of his instrument, with its deep, melodious and insinuating sweetness, over the *thing* who turns it, tells unfavorably for the mechanic. The grinder of the music, which is so sweet, is despised, in due proportion, as his music is admired. Cheap music is the scorn of fashion, and is an anomaly quite as shocking as cheap luxury;—the very quantity in market, diminishes the price, if not the value, quite as rapidly as in the case of any other article of commerce, reported in the prices currents. While "Scotch herrings," would be spoken of as "looking up," "cotton" as "lively," and "oats" as "active" or "brisk," hand organs would be pronounced "flat" and "without demand." Not so in the country.—Our Italian would have the highest place at a village "Charivari," and the villagers might, on some occasions, where the "amour propre" had been a little subjugated by rye whiskey and egg-nog, turn out and carry him, as the Roman people were wont to do their successful warriors, in triumph upon their shoulders.

Without desiring any such marked distinction for our poor musician, I sincerely hope that he may make a pleasant and profitable tour

throughout our country. He bends his way to Augusta, to Columbia, probably Camden and other towns; but I doubt much, whether he will find as hearty and kind a reception any where as he has found along the way-side in Carolina. He may make more money perhaps, but he will get less sympathy. It may be, that in many minds, the former item will be held of most value, and the latter will be sneered at. I do not think it will be the case with our Italian. His eye is that of one who has felt of many sorrows, and the sensibility which is kept in frequent exercise by affliction, is always accessible to the slightest variations of the temper, to whose influence it may be subjected. The very profession of music, like that of poetry, calls for keen sensibilities, if it does not make them. It tends, when properly cultivated, to the elevation of the mind, to the refinement of the taste, and to the general softening of these acerbities of habit and of expression, which other professions than those styled "liberal," rather encourage than subdue. In a world like ours, where the veneration which we should feel for harmony, for beauty and delicacy, not to speak of authority, is hourly undergoing diminution, these sensibilities are only so many sources of suffering, and the worldling does well, perhaps, always to avoid them—but they constitute the nature of the artist. It is next to impossible that the Professor of any one of the "Fine Arts," can discard them, while he "keeps the whiteness of his soul." The religion of the poet and the painter, and the musician, is to be found in quickness of perception, a keen sympathy with his pursuit, and the objects of it, and a faith in its superior excellence over all others, which will effectually keep him from its desecration to unholy purposes. When he forgets this faith, and apostatizes from this religion, he ceases to be the professor, and the agent of sacred things and purposes. He had better then take to the hand organ, and like our wandering Italian, travel through the country, relying on the merits of his instrument to conceal the absence of his own.

S.

WOODLAND, 14th Feb.

THE CONCUSSION.

The living Cambridge worthy, William Sydney Walker, M. A. (who at the age of sixteen wrote the successful tragedy of Wallace, and recently vacated his fellowship at Trinity College "for conscience-sake,") walking hastily round the corner of a street in Cambridge, in his peculiarly near-sighted *sideling* hasty manner, he suddenly came in contact with the *blind* muffin-man who daily perambulates the town. The concussion threw both upon their haunches. "Don't you *see* I'm blind?" exclaimed the muffin-man, in great wrath. "How should I," rejoined the learned wag, "when I'm blind too."

FROM OUR ARM CHAIR.

THE RACES.—It has been asserted that the national character of a people depends more upon the amusements to which they are addicted, than upon their laws, their literature, or their religious institutions. We think it would be difficult to establish this position by an appeal to the records of history; and yet it will be admitted that amusements exert no inconsiderable influence upon the character of communities. Whether this influence be prejudicial or otherwise, depends of course on the nature of the entertainments to which they devote themselves. In our Southern States, where horsemanship is regarded as a necessary accomplishment for every gentleman, and ladies esteem an elegant equipage an object even of greater ambition than the expensive decoration of their persons, it is not surprising, that raising fine and beautiful horses should be considered more important than in other parts of the Union. Horse racing, therefore, whose object is to improve the breed of that noble animal by stimulating competition, and offering a reward to the successful competitor, is one of the most popular amusements among us. The passion for this exciting sport is evidently upon the increase in our country. The North, the South and the West contend eagerly for the mastery, and not a little sectional pride is enlisted upon the issue in every encounter. The celebrated horses, which have been victorious upon the course, are every where known, and the pedigree of a blooded steed is traced through a long line of ancestors, whose fine qualities and remarkable achievements are among the most hacknied of topics. The traveller who passes through the Southern and Western States of our country especially, would often be entirely excluded from conversation, if he had not some knowledge of the subject, and it is important therefore that he should inform himself upon it. In Carolina, horses are not raised for the market, but no expense is spared in training them for the course. One of our wealthiest and most public-spirited citizens has lately imported several fine horses from Europe, with the view of improving the Carolina breed, and had the good fortune to carry off some of the heaviest purses at the recent races. Several journals are already established in our country, whose sole object is to give an account of the races that occur in different parts of the Union, and even in England; to place before the public the pedigree, history and peculiar characteristics of the present generation of race horses, and to keep alive the passion for the pleasures of the turf by sporting anecdotes, and intelligence of a lively description. No magazines are more eagerly sought after, or more diligently read by a large mass of our citizens, and the influence they exert upon the popular feelings and character, is certainly not inconsiderable.

A well written and animated account of the races has appeared in the *Charleston Courier*, from the practised pen of an eye witness who was every day upon the

course, and we shall take the liberty of extracting it nearly entire, as being better and more complete than any thing we could offer to our readers.

"We were greeted on the first day's race, for the Club's purse of \$1000, with much of the taste and fashion of the city upon the course. All parts of the State, and the neighboring States, conspired to swell the concourse; and the ladies, by their presence and their smiles, gave a seducing influence to the gay and animated scene. The beautiful and splendid equipages, with rich-liveried coachmen, footmen, and out-riders, the skilful and rapid driving, performing involutions and evolutions without accident, whilst the beaux with their gallant steeds kept near the objects of their loves, ready at any moment to play the knight-errant, and to do their fair lady's bidding. In rapid succession the heavy OMNIBUS and four would be seen wending to the citizens' stand, with its dozen or more passengers. Relieved of its load, with swifter motion it would return again to the city for other passengers, thus continually passing and re-passing each other, like buckets in a well. At the same time crowds of the most promiscuous character would be issuing through the foot passengers' gate. The sailor, retailer, journeyman, apprentice, fruiterer, confectioner, stable boys and chimney sweeps, in one dense mass, would gather around the post. In various directions you could see the little urchins playing ground and lofty tumbling over the fence; whilst others, of more grovelling propensities, would make a hole underneath sufficiently large to pass through. The mounted constables were now all employed to keep intruders out, whilst those in the picketed area at the post were constantly in motion to keep it clear of volunteers and the curious. The survey of the whole assembly presented a most variegated view. The eye rested at the same time upon all that was lovely and interesting, as well as upon that which was loathsome and disgusting. Yet this very variety had its interest. It is by contrast every thing that is lovely is made more enchanting. It is vice that gives lustre to virtue, and avarice clothes charity in its richest drapery. The physical world, with its calms and tempests, its day and night, its winter and summer, spring and autumn, is the grand prototype of the moral world.

Whilst viewing the vast concourse, the martial notes of the bugle burst upon the ear. It was a call for the field that were to contend for the purse. In a short time, the nags appeared clothed and hooded, moving in that slow and sluggish walk for which the racer is remarkable. After promenading the picketed area a few minutes, the bugle sounded the note of preparation. The hood was drawn away and the clothing removed, and each one stood presented to the crowd in all the elegance of the courser's symmetry, heightened by his high grooming. Each nag began to enlist friends, according to the respective judgments of the beholders. Bets were now made in various ways: some on the favorite against the field—some on a particular horse for the first heat—some on horse against horse, and in many other shapes. The bugle sounds the order to saddle—all is now anxiety and preparation. It is now that the racer becomes animated—it is now that he realizes the fact that a contest is to come, and the eye that was lately so listless, is now all animation and fire. The charge of fair riding, and the distance to be run, are next given; when the tastefully dressed boys, with cap, spurs, and whip, vault into the saddle. The reins are shortened and knotted, and winding them round each hand, they are brought to the post. There is a general anxiety that pervades the bosom of every beholder, whilst they eagerly wait the word "Go." At length it breaks upon the general silence, and all are off for victory and fame. The various efforts made by each to outstrip his rival, are extremely interesting. When a favorite takes the lead, smiles of congratulation are exchanged between his friends. A deep interest, at all times during the heat, exists, and the conclusion is greeted with hurrahs and cheers by the multitude to the winning horse.

Each nag is now habited again, and walked about for a few minutes. The rubbing and removing the perspiration follow:—each jockey is now on the watch to see which horse cools off best. It is the great criterion by which to determine their fate in the succeeding heat. According to their judgment in this matter, betting is again renewed. After half an hour's delay, all those that were not posted, are again summoned to the contest for the second heat. The same anxi-

ety, or greater, is kept up during the second heat, that existed in the first. The multitude who lately greeted the victor, are now anxious that another should succeed, so that the heats may be broken, and the contest continued. If this event takes place, the sport is redoubled and the joy universal. Again, the jockies watch narrowly the situation of each horse. New opinions are formed, and old ones changed. Betting is resumed, and the wary better sometimes, (discovering the first opinion wrong,) sets about hedging. If successful, he remedies his first error, in no way can he be the loser, if it be a perfect hedge, nor can he win.

If the heats be broken, the contest is renewed, and continued until one horse wins two heats. But four heats can be run, unless there is a dead heat. The rule which excludes all those horses that do not win a heat in three heats, is founded upon principles of sound humanity.

When the race is terminated, many wheel their way to town, and many towards the booths. At the booths, there is an ample provision of eatables and drinkables, with a most awful phalanx of every shade of colour, who are your attendants at the table or the bar. In a population like ours, we probably cannot prevent this, but we would much prefer to see some industrious whites in the same situation. The freedom taken, the coarse joke, are what we complain of. This should be put down by public opinion, and we trust it will be. We are pleased to see that the Club is moving in this matter. We also complain of the indiscriminate gaming. We are perfectly certain it is impossible to prevent this vice effectually. It may, however, be greatly circumscribed. We were much pleased at the order and regularity observed at the Citizens' stand. The attendants there were whites. The fare was good, and there was no bustle and confusion. The gaming going on there was much more orderly than that pursued elsewhere. At all events, there was nothing to blame as to the attendants, and the civility of the lessee, or his agents.

The races have passed. For the Club purses there have been twelve different horses in the field. We are not a stickler for horses' names, but we could have wished that the sponsors of two of them had named them differently. Most frequently the names of our finest countrywomen are given to horses, as well as to ships. But who would not feel offended to see one of Carolina's loveliest daughters' names joined in an entry with an ill-matched associate. To say the least of it, it is in bad taste.

After a retrospect of the past, we cannot but say, taking the good and the bad, the rough and the smooth, we are still an advocate for the sports of the Turf, when regulated as they are, by the first and most prominent citizens of our State. The social dinner, the gay and brilliant ball, are appendages that set off to advantage the sports of the Turf. These were most numerous attended, and the utmost hilarity and good humor crowned each,—so may it ever be."

There are few persons who visit the course merely to see the race. They go for purposes of social enjoyment,—to meet their friends, to extend their acquaintance, to transact business, and for various other legitimate objects. If the idle and frivolous throng thither, so do persons of the most respectable character. It is a place where society may be seen in every shade of variety, and the world, its follies, its caprices and its better traits be studied by the curious observer in living examples. Much money is expended, and much foolishly, but it is not lost to the community. The virtuous, honest and industrious receive the benefit of it through various channels. If knaves and sharpers get a portion of it, its natural tendency is soon to pass out of their hands into the pockets of those who will make a good use of it. The Races therefore have advantages to recommend them. They bring strangers together from all parts of the country; they tend to strengthen the bonds of brotherhood, to create mutual interests, and to bind town and country and even neighbouring States in more enduring relations of kind feeling and friendly intercourse.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE NEGRO RACE. Extracted from the French. By J. H. GUENEBAUT. Charleston: D. J. DOWLING, 1837.—This work will do good. It is a valuable philosophical treatise on a very interesting subject. When Mr. Guenebault first visited this country, he had his prejudices against the institution of slavery. A republican and a friend to liberty, he thought there was an inconsistency between our theories of government, which recognized the equality of the human race and the practice of holding slaves. A residence of several years in the Southern States and accurate observation, have convinced him that slavery, as it exists among us, is only a modified form of freedom—a condition well adapted to an inferior race of human beings, who are incapable of self-government, or high degrees of intellectual advancement, and who have no ambition, as a class, to rise above their present station. He considers the theory of equality as fundamentally erroneous,—as one of those wild dreams which fancy sometimes conjures up only to be dissipated by the sterner deductions of reason and the stubborn dictates of experience. His views on this subject are sound, forcible, and manly:

“When in every country we see overflowing the two streams called *liberty and equality*, in which have been lost so many utopias of social improvement, so many philanthropic dreams where *better* is always an enemy to *good*; when by a sad mistake of the natural order of things, the name of liberty has been given to licence, and that of equality to levelling; it behooves you to investigate, if truly these two principles, the main-springs of human actions, are to be found in nature, and if they do not even oppose the designs of the Creator. If we consider man in his moral relations, we find as a proof of inequality, intellect opposed to idiotism, virtue to vice, genius to brutishness, covetousness to prodigality, obedience to command; on one hand, chiefs, kings, sovereigns; on the other, inferiors and subjects. We find infancy under the guardianship of manhood, woman subjected to man, the slave to his master.

“Should we consider man in his natural relations, we find youth opposed to old age, ugliness to beauty, weakness to strength, health to suffering. Do we speak of liberty, to mention only a few instances, we find among the most polished and civilized nations of Europe, here a youth torn from the arms of a sickly father or an aged mother, subject to the iron rod of discipline, and expiring from misery and fatigues, either under the brazen skies of the north, or on the burning sands of Africa. There the peaceable inhabitant of the cities, or the poor husbandman, hurried away by the horrid press-gang, from his humble abode or tranquil cottage, weeps for his children and his wife; he finds himself on a man-of-war, and hears nothing but the whistle of command, and the roaring of the waves,—if he dies, his tomb is the vast ocean, or if mutilated, he receives the royal honor of a retreat at Greenwich. In one country, man is born a soldier; at every instant of his life he must account for his blood; he is doomed to war, as in a sheep-fold sheep are marked for the slaughter-house; except perhaps the time of his infancy, or when he is bowed down under the weight of years. In another country a despot speaks, and, at his command, millions of his subjects are seen marching in numerous battalions, and drawn into battle array, soon to be destroyed by the fire of artillery.

“Social equality is but a hollow sound, or rather the echo of the thunder; it is a soft breeze ending amidst the yells of riots and revolutions, a flickering light, hardly perceptible at first, and bursting soon after into a vast conflagration. Let the distinctions of ranks be destroyed, and society can exist no longer—chaos begins, and all is confused; society is but a labyrinth, where law and right, groping their way in the dark, are immediately lost; it is but an absurd community, in which the muscular power ranks superior to intelligence.”

“The experience of the past has proved, and proves also every day, that the negro race cannot be formed under any monarchical or republican government,

and that negroes are incapable of governing themselves without falling into excesses."—pp. 5, 6, 7.

This work is properly entitled the *Natural History* of the Negro Race, treating, as it does, of the physical constitution of the negro; his peculiar structure; the comparative anatomy of the negro and the European; the diseases and organic degenerations of negroes; their complexion, and the influence of climate in producing that complexion. On this head the amount of evidence collected would seem to prove that the complexion results from the natural constitution of the race, and not from the influence of climate. In the remarks on the peculiar structure of the negro race, and the difference between the anatomy of the negro and the European, inferences of much importance are drawn, which are conclusive of the inferiority of the former. The opinions of distinguished philosophers, and, among others, those of Mr. Jefferson are adduced, which add weight to this supposition. The negro is viewed under the most favorable circumstances, as enjoying all the privileges, and acting under all the exciting influences of a free government; but even here it is seen, after a full and fair trial, that his character does not improve; that the efforts made to elevate his race to an equality with the whites is unavailing; that no motives of honor or interest will induce him to abandon his slothful and inglorious habits; that he is still addicted to the most grovelling animal indulgences; still the victim of superstitious fears, and the votary of an unintelligible and blind worship; insolent in authority; cowardly and truckling when in a state of subordination; acting seldom under the influence of a higher sense of duty, and stimulated in his ordinary conduct more by the fear of punishment, than by the hope of reward. The case of Hayti is adduced as a powerful and convincing illustration of the truth of these positions, and we shall quote what is said on this head, taken from a work entitled the "Present State of Hayti," published in London in 1828, and embodied in the form of a note in the treatise before us:

"It is indisputable that the declaration of freedom to the slave population in Hayti, was the ruin of the country, and has not been attended with those benefits which the sanguine philanthropists of Europe anticipated. The inhabitants have neither advanced in moral improvement, nor are their civil rights more respected; their condition is not changed for the better. They are not slaves, it is true; but they are suffering under greater deprivations than can well be imagined; whilst slaves have nothing to apprehend, for they are clothed, fed, and receive every medical aid during sickness. The *free laborer* in Hayti, from innate indolence, and from his state of ignorance, obtains barely enough for his subsistence. He cares not for clothing, and as to aid when indisposed, he cannot obtain it. Thus he is left to pursue a course, that sinks him to a level with the brute creation, and the reasoning faculties of the one, are almost inferior to the instinct of the other.

"It has been commonly asserted by the friends of Hayti, and I believe generally credited in Europe, that it preserves its agricultural pre-eminence solely by *free labor*. Now I think I shall be able to prove to a demonstration that this is not the case, and that it is too evident, from every document which has yet appeared on the subject, that agriculture has been long on the wane, and has sunk to the lowest possible ebb in every district of the republic, &c. I shall also be able to show that Hayti presents no instance in which the cultivation of the soil is successfully carried on, without the application of *force* to constrain the laborer. On the estates of every individual connected with the government, all the laborers employed work under the superintendence of a military police, and it is on these properties alone that any thing resembling successful agriculture, appears in Hayti. I am aware that this will excite the astonishment of persons who have been accustomed to think otherwise; but I shall state facts which cannot be controverted, even by President Boyer himself—nay, I shall produce circumstances which I

have seen with the utmost surprise upon his own estate; circumstances which must show his warmest advocates that all his boasted productions have not been obtained without the application of that system, against which they so loudly exclaim, viz: *the FREE LABORERS working under the terror of the bayonet and sabre!*

"The present condition of Hayti, arising from the events which have taken place, should render us exceedingly cautious how we plunge our own colonies into the same misery and calamity; by conferring on a rude and untaught people, without qualification, or without the least restraint, an uncontrollable command over themselves. However acutely we may feel for the miseries to which the West Indian slave was at one period subjected, yet I cannot conceive it possible that any one is so destitute of correct information on the subject, as not to know, that at this moment the slave is in a condition far more happy, that he possesses infinitely greater comforts and enjoyments, than any class of laborers in Hayti, and that, from the judicious measures which have been already adopted by the colonial legislatures, and from others which are in contemplation, for improving the condition of the slaves, it is rational to conclude that before long, slavery will be considered as a name, and that were it to receive any other designation, it would furnish no peg on which the European philanthropist might hang his declamation against slavery."

"The judicious measures adopted by the colonial legislatures" in the West Indies did not, in the end, prove to be as "judicious" as it was anticipated they would be. Ten years trial has fairly convinced those legislatures that their system is a bad one; that the African negro is incapable of maintaining any high degree of freedom; that he becomes restive and turbulent under it; that force, as in the case of St. Domingo, has to be called in to stimulate his industry; and that "the judicious measures" have proved to be about as weak and foolish a piece of policy as ever was resorted to by an enlightened people. These repeated and palpable failures ought to convince the advocates of such a policy, that, however benevolent their motives, it is vain to attempt impossibilities, and that the marked, wide, and obvious differences which God has ordained between the different classes of the human race, are not to be confounded by mere human institutions; that the laws of nature, which are the laws of Providence, will in the end prevail against the weaker enactments of man.

We fully concur in the remark, that, "before long, slavery will be only considered as a name, and that were it to receive any other designation, it would furnish no peg on which the European," and we will add American, "philanthropist might hang his declamations against slavery." We have long been of this opinion. Abolish this degrading name—banish it from our vocabulary, and there is, in the existing state of things, nothing to sustain the vehement outcry that for the last few years has been raised against us, in certain parts of our country, by the strenuous but shallow advocates of equal rights and equal privileges for the whole human race,—a doctrine which, if it once prevailed, would upset the foundations of all social order,—render the restraints of a wholesome subordination perfectly unavailing, and introduce a state of anarchy and wild uproar, in which vice would be covered with no ignominy and virtue with no grace; where meanness, brutality and ignorance would usurp the honors and consideration that are due only to intellectual superiority, manly deportment, and humane manners. We say, expunge the word slavery from our vocabulary,—a word which, in the opinion of many, is significant of every thing derogatory to human nature; send out your well instructed philanthropic spies; sharpen their suspicions by your own account of existing evils; put them, like so many bloodhounds, fairly upon the scent; let them scour

the whole country, from the Potomac to the Mississippi, and from the Atlantic coast to the banks of the Ohio, and if the picture of living horrors which is conjured up by the name of slavery does not vanish, even in the opinion of these partial and interested judges, into an idle dream; if the reality of mischief which occupies their waking thoughts and disturbs their sleeping visions, is any where to be found throughout the extent and breadth of the slave holding States, we will be content to be set down in the class of dreamers along with them.

We are not disposed to compromise matters with these enthusiasts, under whatever standard they may proclaim their mad doctrines, whether they are called abolitionists or anti-abolitionists, levellers up or levellers down. We are willing to meet these men,—these friends of liberty and equality,—upon any fair ground where they are inclined to place the argument, but more especially on the broad ground of humanity and the rights of man. We should not fear to meet them with the highest of all authorities,—that of Revelation itself. We would say to them that what God permits, and more emphatically, what God sanctions, man has no right to quarrel with. There are many good men even among us, who have begun to grow timid. They think that what the virtuous and high-minded men of the North look upon as a crime and a plague spot, cannot be perfectly innocent or quite harmless in a slaveholding community. Certainly not, if they are right and you are wrong. With whom does the right rest in this controversy? That is the question. We are disposed to meet this question, more especially as the gauntlet has been thrown down to us. We are accused of wishing and of attempting to put down, with a strong hand, the right of free discussion, and even of summoning the aid of legislation for this purpose. We are charged with attempting to encroach upon the liberties of the people,—of trampling upon the chartered and cherished rights guaranteed to us and to all, by the free Constitution of our country. This is the ground assumed by Dr. Channing, in his late gratuitous letter to the abolitionist, Birnie; and, in the name of humanity and the name of liberty, he calls upon the citizens of this country to resist this spirit of usurpation,—to break the galling and degrading shackles which are attempted to be fastened upon them. This is the burthen of his whole argument, or rather of his declamation. A more unwarrantable imputation was never thrown out against a virtuous people, who love their liberties and would defend them “to the death,” under the cover of a superior regard for law and liberty. A more unfair and disingenuous mode of reasoning than that whole letter displays, was never adopted by any man who had reason to pride himself upon his intellectual powers. No person respects the talents or virtues of Dr. Channing,—none felicitates the whole country on account of his literary fame, more than we do; but this distinguished man has always brought into this controversy a degree of ignorance of the whole subject matter that is truly astonishing. Without ever having been among us, he attempts to judge of our institutions, and to judge harshly, paying no respect to the opinions and experience of those who have had a better opportunity of judging than himself. He has amused himself and the public with mere abstractions, which are partly true and partly erroneous; has made bold assertions without evidence, and wholly overlooked the real facts, circumstances and history of the case. In the letter alluded to, we cannot but think he has displayed a degree of unfairness that was least of all to be expected from such a quarter. Where, when, and by whom, has the right of free discussion been attempted to be interfered with among us? Who is there here

that affects concealment, and would shut out the light in reference to this matter? Is it the planter,—he who has a deeper interest in the subject than any other individual? No men speak out more plainly, none are more fair, open and above board, than the holders of large landed estates among us. Generally men of education and extended views, they are able to meet their opponents in the field of argument, and have never shrunk from the severest scrutiny to which the bearings of this whole subject have been subjected. Is it the press? It would be strange indeed if the free presses of the South were to attempt to put down the right of free discussion. Where have all the points of the controversy been more thoroughly or more ably handled, than in the numerous publications that have been poured forth from Southern presses? Is it our Southern representation in Congress? No men, we venture to say, have been more bold or untiring in advocating the rights of the people,—none are more strenuous friends of liberty, to the utmost extent to which it can be maintained consistently with the laws of nature and the well-being of society. The South has never been the enemy of free discussion. It has never said to the North, to the East, or to the West, "You shall not publish *THE TRUTH* in reference to this or any subject, for justifiable purposes." It has only said, it is not right for you to publish *WHAT IS FALSE* in relation to this exciting topic, even if your motives are good. It has only said, you shall not "scatter firebrands, arrows and death" through the country, and then justify yourself under the plea of the right of free discussion. So far the South has manfully sustained the rights of the citizen, not encroached upon them, unless to prevent wrong and injustice be encroachment.

We have said that there were some timid men among us, whose ears have been long assailed with outcries of tyranny and oppression, wafted over the ocean and land from north to south, who begin to look fearfully around them,—who begin to think, that for so much clamor there must be a little sense,—that for so many visions of impending ills there must be some actual suffering in their own homes and under their own eyes. For our own part, we are disposed to breast the storm,—not to fly before it. We are not among those who denounce slavery,—or, as it should be called, a state of service,—a positive evil. We think this subordination of the weak to the strong, of the ignorant to the more enlightened, perfectly consistent with the laws of nature, and capable of being defended by powerful and satisfactory arguments. If it is a political evil, let government get rid of it. If it is a moral evil, it behooves Christians to do the same thing. This is the only manly position, as we conceive, that can be taken in reference to this matter.

There is no doubt that slavery, like all other social relations, may be abused; but we are equally well satisfied that on abstract principles it may be sustained,—that moral, social and political advantages grow out of it, which give to the owners of this species of property, when arguments are to be employed, quite the upper ground in the controversy. We are not to be frightened because wise men, who have not examined the subject, utter bold accusations, and because ignorant men, demagogues and fools bawl out oppression at the top of their lungs. The North has not all the humanity, nor the South all the disregard to liberty and human rights, that exist in these United States. A little patience and a little consideration may convince the most suspicious that the tables may well be turned upon

them, and that the beam lies in the organ of those very persons who would draw it forth from ours. What does all this clamor amount to, that is worthy of the attention of reasonable men living in an enlightened age? We are told that we possess a species of property, to which our title is only nominal,—a title that is set aside by the laws of reason, of conscience, and of God. A bold charge! What if we say to our accusers, that we inherited this property from our ancestors; that it was distinctly bequeathed to us in their last will and testament, a perfectly legal document; that the State recognises our title as consistent with the general purposes of enlightened legislation, and that it has been fairly set up by our local judicatures? What if we say that we purchased it for a valuable consideration? What if we urge that the Constitution of the United States recognizes our right and title to this species of property, and has not considered it by any means inconsistent with the spirit of free institutions? Shall we still have an invalid title thrown in our teeth, and still be considered bad men and cruel monsters for venturing to call our own what we inherited from our ancestors, or what we have bought and paid for, or what the laws of the country in which we live have guaranteed to us? But all this, we are told, is nothing, while there exists an authority higher than any human institutions, or any human laws, which proclaims, in a voice of thunder, that man shall not hold property in man! But if we look for this high authority into the Book of Revelation, the only tribunal to which we can appeal that is higher than human, we do not find a letter of it upon the page. If we look for it in the Old Testament, we do not find the authority or the voice there,—for the fact is notorious, and not to be disputed, that slavery existed even under the theocracy of the primitive age. The Jews were slaveholders, and the nations all around them. If we look into the New Testament, the authority is not there. Slavery is recognized as an existing institution perfectly consistent with the laws of Christianity and the best charities of the human heart. If we look into the history of the whole world, civilized as well as barbarous, the authority is not there. In every kingdom and nation under the wide heavens, slavery has existed in some shape or other, and its existence has not been regarded as a violation of the laws of reason or of Providence, or the spirit of civilization and humanity, but the contrary. The high authority then that speaks in thunder, consists only of the edicts put forth by Birnie, Garrison, Tappan, Channing, and the abolition presses.

If by holding property in man it be intended to assert that the master claims a title to the soul of the being whom he holds in subordination, we repel the charge, and would do it with indignation, were it not too shallow and ridiculous to move our contempt. It may answer very well for purposes of declamation, but it is false and slanderous upon its very face. No man *can* hold property in the soul of any other man. The soul, by the very constitution of its nature, is unalienable. It cannot be bartered for any consideration. All that the master can do, is to command the service and control the actions of his domestics and laborers. And do not these sticklers for freedom and equality in the free States do the same thing? Do they not control the actions of their servants? Is there any thing in the freedom they enjoy which places their drudges, waiting men, and footmen on the same level with the master and mistress of the domicile? Do not men control men, free-men as well as slaves, all the world over? And are not laws and governments engaged constantly in the same business? The doctrine which these men propa-

gate, would soon destroy every kind of distinction and subordination in society, and carry it back, by rapid marches, to that fiction of political writers, a *state of Nature*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE AND COMMENTS.

Mr. HERBERT, the author of "The Brothers," has a new historical novel in the press of the Harper's, entitled "Cromwell." Among the *dramatis personæ*, is John Milton. It is said that the author has been very successful in the *vraisemblance* of his portraitures in this instance.

"The Magnolia" is to be brought out this year in a garb of superior elegance. There are twelve beautiful pictures already in the hands of the engraver. One of them, by Chapman, the "Falls of the Indian Brook," we have seen, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the loveliest thing, of its kind, that has ever yet been done for any of our American annuals. The contributors will be Irving, Paulding, Simms, Sedgwick, Herbert and Inman; each of whom have been contracted with to furnish fifty pages.

"The Conspirator" is the title of a new work in preparation, by the author of "Lafitte," the hero of which is the notorious Col. Burr. The author of "Miriam Coffin" has also written a story upon the subject of "Burr's Conspiracy," which is entitled "Catharine Blennar, or the Queen of the West." The latter author has long since been ready, it is said, to publish, and only waited for Colonel Burr to die off, and afford him a fitting opportunity. A praiseworthy sense of propriety prompted him to pause until this event should take place; and now that the hero is really no more, we may soon look for the birth of the novel.

Mr. SIMMS is busily engaged upon a domestic Tragedy, which he has contracted to furnish to Mr. Forrest. The heroine of this tragedy is the unfortunate Venetia Digby, wife of Sir Kenelm, the loveliest woman of her time in England, and the mystery of whose singular fate has never been solved. She died, without previous sickness, and her death has been ascribed, by one set of persons, to the jealousy of her husband, who, they say, poisoned her,—by another, to his love of tampering with chemicals. He wished to preserve her beauty, it is said, and administered to her a preparation for this purpose, which destroyed her. We have no knowledge what course Mr. Simms' drama will take in developing this event.

The same gentleman, we are told, has finished a Romance in two volumes, a portion of which has been printed for some time back; and an episode from which, entitled, "The Passage of the Red Sea," was published a year ago in the American Monthly Magazine, and republished in the Courier of this city. The romance is entitled "Pelayo," and is devoted to some striking events in the Gothic-Spanish History.

The HARPERS have lately been printing new editions of old works. From this we are not to infer that modern literature is a stale commodity.—No. These gentlemen are conferring a favour on the reading public, by endeavouring to revive a taste for the best old English classics. One of the finest scholars in our

country once observed, that he read the Vicar of Wakefield every year, in order to keep his taste from degenerating. McKensie, the Scotch Addison, as Walter Scott calls him, might be read as often with advantage. He is a writer of great sensibility, as much so as Sterne, and of far greater purity.

The Harpers' edition of his works is in excellent style, and Scott's Life of the author, prefixed to the volume, a first rate piece of biography and criticism, which must throw the comments of all subsequent writers far into the shade. We have heard nothing of Paulding lately. We hope his works are progressing.

Has the author of Horse Shoe Robinson done writing? Wake up, Mr. Kennedy! Rouse yourself to the encounter, or some of your competitors will get ahead of you. That first effort of yours was a fair one,—a very fair one, and the romantic incidents of the Revolution are by no means exhausted.

Mr. CARROLL'S "Historical Collections" fully meets public expectation. It is an excellent work, prepared with care and diligence, evinces good judgment in the selections, which are rare and valuable documents, and well worthy of the new form which has been given to them. The portion prepared by the Editor, is an evidence of scholarship, and thorough acquaintance with the early history of the country. Every gentleman who has a library, should add this standard work to his collection.

We expect the opening of spring will bring many new works into the market. We hope for one from the author of that eccentric production, "Shepherd Lee." We should like something still in the same vein. We have set on foot some inquiries as to the author of that work, but without success. The publishers, when we questioned them, were mum. "If we guess right the first time, will you tell us?" "No," was the reply. "The author may come out with his name by and by, but at present he does not wish to be known, till he ascertains how the work takes with the critics and the public. We will say thus much however, that this is not a virgin effort. He is already a tried author, but a little cautious,—a little doubtful as to the success of his new theory of transmigration." We did not press the matter further, as we respect the secrets of authors. Whoever the writer may be, he is a staunch friend of the South and its institutions; and we would say to the "Unknown," that his descriptions are racy, and his humour genuine,—that we hail him as a manly and a merry advocate in a cause, which has suffered much through the ignorance, the fanaticism and the levelling spirit of its opponents, and that while he maintains the same principles with the same ability, and enlivens his writings with the same wit, they will always be welcome in this region. Apropos of the "Unknown." Do our patrons read Blackwood? "The Great Unknown," is the title of a capital descriptive sketch in one of the late numbers, spirited and lively,—a good model for those who write stories for magazines. The "Merchant's Clerk," by the author of the "Diary of a Physician," is in good keeping with the stories contained in that work. It is a pathetic, heart-rending tale. The "Merchant's Clerk" was republished in this country, together with a variety of very indifferent, anonymous sketches, which, from the fact of their being printed together, were attributed to the same author. We are glad to find that this is not the fact. They were wholly unworthy of the pen of the author of "The Diary." It seems that a Dr. Warren has claimed the authorship of that work. There

have been other claimants to the honour. His title must of course be admitted, unless some other person can show a better one.

The political articles in the recent numbers of *Blackwood*, for which we are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Foster, are excellent, that is they are excellently well written. The article on "Parliament," gives O'Connell a severe dressing, and makes some developments not very creditable to that personage. That on "the House of Peers" is bold and able, but declamatory, and the evils of the present state of Ireland, are forcibly depicted in another article, which, however, gives the Conservatives more credit for their sympathy and efforts in behalf of Irishmen, than they are entitled to. Recent intelligence from England would seem to warrant the belief, that the Tories are yielding ground, and that Radicalism is becoming the order of the day, even in the British cabinet. The outcry against Reform will of course be less vehement.

Our American Annuals this year are very respectable, but they do not yet come up to the perfection of the British in any particular. The best thing in the way of an Annual, as far as literary execution is concerned, that we have seen this season, is a little work from the press of Marshall & Co. Philadelphia, entitled "Scriptural Anthology," which shall be the subject of a more extended notice in our next number. The pieces are all poetical. The "Magnolia," has been much praised, though it is said to be not so good as it was last year. We have not received it.

NECROMANCY.—We do not consider ourselves very superstitious or very credulous, although our ancestors lived where the witches were burnt. We do not think there is such a thing now-a-days as dealing with the devil, except in "nocturnal illusions, entitled the phantasmagoria." His Satanic Majesty has acquired all the laurels of this kind that he can ever expect to in this world. He was long since sent howling to his home, and the only glimpse we have ever got of him, is "a very beautiful piece of painting," entitled "The Devil Chained,"—quite a harmless exhibition of the monster. We are of opinion that if the old tempter were to bid ever so high, he could not purchase the soul of the polite M. Adrien. If he came into his presence, even unchained, that gentleman would have the skill to bow him out again, so great is the force of his address and his fascinating manners. We are more inclined to think that Monsieur Adrien deals only with good spirits. No gentleman could display so much considerate gallantry, if his "communications" were "evil." Half the ladies in our city are in ecstasies with him, and all the little boys and girls feel a sort of filial regard for the "great magician." Surely none but a good spirit could influence him to make so many good things out of nothing; mottoes and apples and oranges for the children; Cupids and ribbons for the ladies; und chicken pie, cabbage soup and colors for the gentlemen. We judge every man by his actions and, assuming this standard, Monsieur Adrien will "pass muster." To drop the metaphor, this gentleman is the most wonderful professor of his Art that has ever been among us; and an intelligent, well educated and refined people

never need be ashamed to attend his exhibitions, which are worthy of the study of the curious. We have attended several of them and consider his feats of dexterity as almost approaching the miraculous.

ANTHON'S CICERO.—We are not satisfied of the good sense of the statutory provisions of the New York Columbia College which has stricken out so many of the best of Cicero's orations from their preparatory text-book. The work before us contains only the orations against Cataline, and the orations for the Manilian Law, for Archias, for Marcellus, and for Murena. From its copious illustrations, and comments, it is however a very desirable and valuable book, and we hope it will be followed by other volumes comprising all the orations, elucidated in like manner. There is fine and full length engraving of the Roman orator prefixed to the work, and an interesting biography and criticism of his writings in the dialogue form, admirably adapted to communicate necessary information to the young student. This work is from the press of the Harpers.

BAKER'S LIVY, in five volumes, is from the same fruitful press. The head of the Roman historian, engraved by Gimber, constitutes the frontispiece. It is full of character. A speaking eye deep set, a high and bold forehead and pouting lips are indications of the enlarged mind, lively fancy, and ardent constitutional temperament for which Livy was distinguished. His life is briefly sketched, and there are some good comments upon the peculiar characteristics of his style and writings. We need say nothing in praise of this fascinating history of the most remarkable people that ever figured upon the stage. Youth and age hang over it with ever increasing delight, and although something of fiction is blended with the narrative, it is probably as faithful as most of the histories of Rome that have been written, and by far the most interesting.

NEW-YORK MIRROR.—We have a plate number of this popular periodical, commencing the new year. The picture is one of Chapman's, and represents the landing of Columbus. It is worthy of the pencil of that able painter, and adorns the book in which it is published. The literary contents of this number of the Mirror, are from practised and well known pens. "Life," a poem by Mr. Bryant, graces its first column; and there are pieces from the pens of Mr. Willis, Mr. Inman, Jo. Sewall Jones, of North Carolina, and others, all well known and highly esteemed in the world of American letters. We may add, that for neatness of appearance, the Mirror is, perhaps, without a superior in any country.